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sup
THE
KING LEAR

TRAGEDY

by

WILL. SHAKESPEARE

with

EXPLANATORY ANNOTATIONS

by

Küchler

Zeiz.

Printed for G. H. HEINSE

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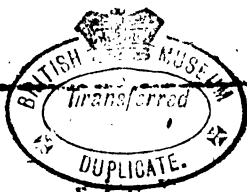
KING LEA

THE A G E D Y

WILLIAM SHAW-WELLS

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THE
LIFE and DEATH
OF
KING LEAR

—————

Dramatis Personae.

LEAR, King of Britain.

King of France.

Duke of Burgundy.

Duke of Cornwall.

Duke of Albany.

Earl of Glo'ster.

Earl of Kent.

Edgar, Son to Glo'ster.

Edmund, Bastard Son to Glo'ster.

Curan, a Courtier.

Doctor.

Fool.

Oswald, Steward to Gonerill.

A Captain, employ'd by Edmund.

Gentleman, Attendant on Cordelia.

A Herald.

Old Man, Tenant to Glo'ster.

Servant to Cornwall.

1st. } Servants to Glo'ster.

2d. }

Gonerill, }

Regan, } Daughters to Lear.

Cordelia, }

Knights attending on the King, Officers,
Messengers, Soldiers and Attendants.

SCENE lies in Britain.

K I N G L E A R

Act. I.

SCENE, the King's Palace.

Enter Kent, Glo'ster, and Edmund the Bastard.

Kent.

I thought, the King had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

Glo'ster. Hediſt always ſeem ſo to us: but now, in the Diviſion of the Kingdom, it appears not, which of the Dukes he values moſt; for qualities *) are ſo weigh'd, that curioſity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your ſon, my Lord?

Glo. His breeding, Sir, hath been at my charge. I have ſo often bluſh'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braſ'd to't.

A 3

Kent

*) Qualities are ſo weigh'd, that curioſity in neither can make choice of either's moiety, denn es ſich ſo ungleich unter einander vertheilt, daß keiner ſich des andern Antheils ſchämen wird.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could; *) whereupon she grew round — womb'd; and had indeed, Sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed: Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have a son, Sir, by order of law, some years elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account; though this knave came somewhat saucily to the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair, there was good sport at his making, and the whbrefson must be acknowledg'd. Do you know this Nobleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my Lord.

Glo. My Lord of Kent; —
Remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your Lordship.

Kent.

*) ist also weggelassen conceive, und ist hier ein Wortspiel, weil conceive gleich vorher, begreifen, einsehen und hier empfangen heißt.

Kent. I must *) love you, and sue to know
you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study your deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away
he shall again, (Trumpets sound within.)

The King is coming.

Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gloucester,
Regan, Cordella, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the Lords of France and Burgundy,
Gloster, (Exit.)

Glo. I shall, my Liege.

Lear. Mean time we shall express our darker
purpose.

Give me the Map here. Know, we have divided.
In three, our Kingdom; and 'tis our fast intent,
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while
we

Unburden'd crawl tow'rd death. Our son of Cornwall,
wall,

And you, our no less loving **) son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish

A 4

Our

*) must be acknowledg'd, als ein eheliches Kind erkannt werden.

**) scheint hier statt lov'd zu stehen.

And here are to be answer'd. Tell me daughters,
(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
Int'rest of territory, cares of state;) 1
Which of you shall we say doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge. 2
Gerill.



Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

• silent, (slyder) -

With

With shadowy forests and with champions rich,
 With plenteous rivers and wide — skirted meads,
 We make thee lady. To thine and Albany's issue
 Be this perpetual. — What says our second
 daughter.

Our dearest Regan, wife of Cornwall? speak.

Reg. I'm made of that self — metal as my
 sister,

And prize me at her worth in my true Heart *)
 I find, she names my very **) deed of love;
 Only she comes too short: that I profess
 Myself an enemy to all other joys,
 Which the most precious square of sense possesses.
 And find, I am alone felicitate
 In your dear Highness' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia! (Aside.)

And yet not so, since, I am sure, my love's
 More pond'rous than my tongue,

Lear. To thee, and thine hereditary ever,
 Remain this ample third of our fair Kingdom;

A 5

No

*) *And prize me at her worth, in my true heart,*
 Regan will hier sagen, daß sie in Ansehung ihrer
 Aufrichtigkeit und Liebe zu ihrem Vater, ihre Schwes-
 ter an Werth beistimme.

**) *my verrey deed of love* die eigentliche wahre Wes-
 schaffenheit meiner kindlichen Liebe.

No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
 Than that conferr'd on Gonerill. — Now our joy,
 Although our last, not least; to whose young
 love,

The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
 Strive to be interest'd: what say you, to draw
 A third, more opulent than your sisters? speak.

Cor. Nothing, my Lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing; speak
 again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
 My heart into my mouth; I love your Majesty
 According to my bond, no more nor less.

Lear. How, How, Cordelia? mend' your
 speech a little, I

lest you may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my Lord,

You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me. I
 Return those duties back, as are right fit; —
 Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
 Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
 They love you, all? *) haply, when I shall wed,
 That

*) all belist her affeine.

That Lord, whose hand must take my plight,
shall carry

Half my love with him, half my care and duty.
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all. —

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. Ay, my good Lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my Lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so, thy truth then be thy do-
wer:

For by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night,
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity, and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barb'rous
Scythian,

Or he, that makes his generation mesfes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou, my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my Liege —

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come

Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
 I lov'd her most and thought to set my rest
 On her kind nurs'ry. Hence, avoid my sight!

(To Cor.)

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
 Her father's heart from her; Call France; who
 stirs?

Call Burgundy. — — Cornwall and Albany,
 With my two daughters' dowers *) digest the
 third,

Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
 I do invest you jointly with my Power,

Preeminence; and all the large effects
 That trodp with Majesty. Ourselves by month's
 course,

With reservation of an hundred Knights,
 By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
 Make with you by due turns: only retain
 The name and, all th' addition to a King:
 The sway, revenue, execution,

Beloved sons, be yours; which to confirm
 This Coronet part between you. (Giving the
 Crown.)

Kent. Royal Lear;
 Whom I have ever honour'd as my King.
 Lov'd

*) digest heißt hier theilen.

Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
And as my patron thought on in my prayers —

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make *)
() from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork in-
vade

The region of my heart; be Kent unmannerly, I
When pow'r to flattery bows? to plainness Ho-
nor

Is bound, when Majesty to folly falls.
Reserve thy State; with better judgment check
This hideous rashness: with my life I answer
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty — hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thy foes; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, Lear, and let me still re-
main

The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now by Apollo —

Kent.

*) *make from the shaft*, achte dem Pfeil aus dem
Bege.

Kent. Now by Apollo, King,
Thou swear'st thy gods invain.

Lea. O vassal! miscreant! —

(Laying his hand on his sword.)

Alb. Corn. Dear Sir, forbear.

Kent. Kill thy physician, and thy fee bestow
Upon the foul disease; revoke thy doom,
Or whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lea. Hear me, recreant!
Since thou hast fought to make us break our vow,
Which we durst never yet; and with strain'd
pride,

To come betwixt our sentence and our power;
(Which nor our nature, *) nor our place, can bear;) —
Our potency ** made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for provision,
To shield thee from disasters of the world;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom; if, the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death: away! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent.

*) nature, d. hiet Kataster.

**) Our potency made good, will ich nach Gebrauch
von meiner Gewalt machen.

Kent. Fare thee well, King; such thus thou
 wilt appear,
 Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here;
 The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
 That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said;
 And your large speeches may your deeds approve.*)

That good effects may spring from words of love:
 Thus Kent, O Princes, bids you all adieu,
 He'll shape his old course in a country new.
 (Exit.)

**Enter Glo'ster, with France and Burgundy,
 and Attendants.**

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble
 Lord,

Lear. My Lord of Burgundy,
 We first address tow'rd you, who with this King
 Have rivall'd for our daughter; what at least**)
 Will you require in present dower with her,
 Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal Majesty,
 I crave no more than what your Highness offer'd,
 Nor will you render less.

Lear. Right, noble Burgundy,
 When she was dear to us, we held her so;

But

* your deeds approve, durch eure Thaten beweisen.

** what at least, saget uns das wenigste u. u.

But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands,
 If aught within that little seeming substance,
 Or all of it with our displeasure piec'd,
 And nothing more, may fitly like your Grace,
 She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I Know no answer.

Lear. Will you with those infirmities she
 owes,
 Unfriended, new — adopted to our hate,
 Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our
 oath,

Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon, royal Sire
 Election makes not up on such conditions *)

Lear. Then leave her, Sir; for by the pow'r
 that made me,
 I tell you all her wealth — For you, great King
 (To France.)

I would not from your love make such a stray,
 To match you where I hate; therefore beseech
 you,

Turn your liking a more worthy way
 Than on a wretch, whom nature is ashamed
 Almost t' acknowledge hers.

Fran-

*) Election makes not up on such conditions, bei
 solchen Bedingungen ist an keine Wahl zu denken.

France. This is most strange!
That she, who ev'n but now was your best ob-
ject,

Your Praise's argument, balm of your age,
Dearest and best, should in this trice of time *)
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it; or your fore-vouch'd affec-
tion

Fall'n into taint: which to believe of her,
Must be a faith, that reason without miracle,
Should never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your Majesty,
(If, for I want that glib and oily art **)
To speak and purpose not; since what I well in-
tend,

I'll do't before I speak) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,

No.

*) in this trice of time, in so kurzer Zeit.

**) If, For I want isbas etc. scheint dies etwas
weggelassen zu sein, und muß heißen, wenn ihr mich
keines andern Verbrechens beschuldigen könnt, als
daß ich jene glatte und schlüpfrige Kunst, etwas zu
sagen, was ich nicht denke, nicht besitze.

No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favo-
ur:

But ev'n for want of that, for which I'm richer,
A still solliciting eye, and such a tongue,
That I am glad I've not; though, not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lea r. Better thou
Hadt not been born, than not have pleas'd me
better.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do? my Lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? love's not love,
When it is mingled with regards, that stand *)
Aloof from th' intire point. Say, will you ha-
ve her?

She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal King.
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd.
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Dutchess of Burgundy.

Lea r. Nothing: — I've sworn.

Bur.

*) That stand aloof from the intire point die nicht
den wahren innern Werth zum Hauptgegenstand der
Sach.

Bur. I'm sorry then, you have so lost a father,

That you must lose a husband.

Còr. Peace be with Burgundy,
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich,
being poor,
Most choice, *) forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!

Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be't lawful, I take up what's cast away.

Gods, Gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold neglect

My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.

Thy dow' rless daughter, King, thrown to my chance,

Is Queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:

Not all the Dukes of wat'rish Burgundy

Can buy this unpriz'd, precious maid of me.

Bid them farewell, Cordelia, tho' unkind;

Thou losest here, a better where to find. **)

B 2

Lear,

*) Most choice, desto wählenswürdigste.

**) Thou losest here, a better where to find, in
hier verlassenen place. *ist hier nicht weniger*

lassen — sondern sehr gut, ist
mit ihr in der Hand.

Lear. Thou hast her, France; let her be thine,
 ne, for we
 Have no such daughter; nor shall ever see
 That face of hers again; therefore be gone.
 Without our grace, our love, our benison:
 Come, noble Burgundy.

(Flourish. (Exeunt Lear and Burgundy.

France. Bid Farewel to your sisters.

Cor. Ye jewels of our father, with wash'd
eyes

**Cordelia leaves you: I know what you are,
And, like a sister, am most loth to call
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Love well our
father:**

To your professing bosoms *) I commit him;
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

Reg. Prescribe not us our duty.

Go on, Let your Study

Be to content your Lord, who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms; you have obedience scanted,
And

*) Your professing bosoms, eurer Parteilichkeit und
Eide womit ihr so sehr prahlt.

And well are worth the want that you have
wanted *)

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning
hides.

Who covers faults, at last with shame derides. **)
Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.
(*Exeunt France and Cor.*)

Gon. Sister, it is not little I've to say,
Of what most nearly appertains to us both;
I think our father will go hence to night.

Reg. That's certain, and with you; next
month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age
is, the observation we have made of it hath not
been little; he always lov'd our sister most, and
with what poor judgment he hath now cast her
off, appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he
hath ever but slenderly known himself.

B 3

Gon.

*) And well are worth the want that you have
wanted, Du verdienst von deinem Gemal den Man-
gel an Liebe, welchen du gegen deinen Vater be-
wiesen hast.

**) Derides wird verspottet.

Gon. The pest and foudest of his time hath
 been but rash; then
 must we look, from his age, to receive not alone
 the imperfections of long — engrafted condition *) but there withal the unruly waywardness,
 that infirm and cholerick years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave — taking King between France and him; pray you, let us hit together: if our father carry authority with such disposition as he bears, this last surrender of his **) will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i'th' heat.

(*Exeunt.*)

*) *Condition, Gewohnheit.*

**) *this last surrender of his, diese seine letzte Entfagung.*

~~SCENE~~

49

SCENE changes to a Castle belonging
to the Earl of Gloster.

— — —

Enter EDMUND, with a Letter.

Edm. Thou, Nature, art my Goddess; to
thy law

My services are bound; wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, *) and permit
The curtesy **) of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon
shines

Lag of a brother? why bastard? wherefore base?

When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest Madam's issue? why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?

Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take

B 4

MBre

*) Stand in the plague of custom, mich von der
Plage der Gewohnheit, (nehmlich der Verachtung,
die unehliche Kinder trifft) unterdrücken lassen.

**) Curtesy-Here steht nicht der Eigensinn des Vaters
erachtet.

More composition and fierce quality;
 Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
 Go to creating a whole tribe of fops,
 Got 'tween a — sleep and wake? well then,
 Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land;
 Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
 As to th' legitimate; fine word — legitimate —
 Well, my legitimate, if this letter feed,
 And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
 Shall be th' legitimate. — I grow, I prosper;
 Now, Gods, stand up for bastards.

To him, Enter Gloucester.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! and France in cho-
 ler parted!
 And the King gone to — night! subscrib'd his
 pow'r!
 Confin'd to exhibition! *) all is gone
 Upon the gad! — Edmund, how now? what
 news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none

(Putting up the letter.)

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that
 — letter?

Edm. I know no news, my Lord.

Glo.

*) all is gone upon the gad, alles ist sehr schnell
 und eifertig zu gegangen.

23

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my Lord:

Glo. No! what needed then that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see; come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, Sir, pardon me, it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er read; and for so much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your overlooking.

Glo. Give me the letter, Sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain, or give it, the contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay, or taste of my virtue.

Glo. reads) *This polity and reverence of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny: which sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would*

old

B 5

sleep,

sleep, till I wak'd him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother Edgar — Hum — Conspiracy! — sleep, till I wake him — you should enjoy half his revenue — My son Edgar! had he a hand to write this! a heart and brain to breed it in! when came this to you? who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me my Lord, there's the cunning of it. I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my Lord, I durst swear it were his; but in respect of that, I would fain think, it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my Lord, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Has he never before founded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my Lord. But I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as a ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo.

27

Glo. O villain, villain! his very opinion is the letter. Abhorred villain! unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish! Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain! where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my Lord; if it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, 'till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent you should run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he has writ this to feel my affection to your Honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction: and that, without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him — Heav'n and Earth! Edmund, seek

seek him out; wind me into him *) I pray your
frame the business after your own wisdom. I
would unstate myself, to be in a due resolu-
tion. **)

Edm. I will seek him, Sir, presently: con-
vey the business as I shall find means, and ac-
quaint you withal.

Gl'o. These late eclipses in the sun and moon
portend no good to us; tho' the wisdom of na-
ture *** can reason it thus and thus, yet nature
finds itself scourged by the sequent effects.
Love evils, friendship falls off, brothers divid-
e. In cities, mutinies; in countries, discord;
in palaces, treason; and the bond crack'd twixt
son and father. This villain of mine comes un-
der the prediction, there's son against father;
the King falls from bias of nature; there's fa-
ther against child. We have seen the best of our
time. Machinations, hollownests, treachery,
and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly to
our

*) wind me into him, suche ihn auszuforschen.

**) I would unstate myself, to be in due resolu-
tion, ich will der natürlichen Würde und Gewalt
entfagen, um einen richtigen Entschluss fassen zu
können.

***) the wisdom of nature die Naturkunde.

35

our graves! find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing, do it carefully — and the noble and true — hearted Kent banish'd his offence, honesty. 'Tis strange (Exit.)

Manet Edmund.

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeits of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon and stars; as if we were villains on necessity: fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treacherous, by spherical predominance; drunkards lyars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are, evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whore — master Man, to lay his goatish disposition on the charge of a star! my father *) compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail, and my nativity was under Urfa major; so that it follows I am rough and lecherous. I should have been what I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.

To him, Enter Edgar.

Edg. — he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy; my cue is villainous melancholy, with

*) compounded heißt hier vermischte sich fleischlich.

with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam — O, these eclipses portend these divisions! fa, fol, la, me. —

Edg. How now, brother Edmund, what serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects, he writes of, succeed unhappily. When saw you my father last?

Edg. The night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms, found you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you have offended him: and, at my intreaty, forbear his presence, until some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm.

Edm. That's my fear, I pray you, have a continent forbearance 'till the speed of his rage goes flower: and as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my Lord speak: pray you, go, there's my key: if you do stir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, brother!

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best: I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning toward you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon? (*Exit.*)

Edm. I do serve you in this business:
A credulous father, and a brother noble
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none: on *) whose foolish honesty

My practices ride easy: I see the business.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit;
All with met's meet, that I can fashion fit (*Exit.*)

*) On whose foolish honesty my practices ride easy,
mit dessen narvischer Ehrlichkeit ich machen kann was
ich will.

SCENE, the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter GONERILL and STEWARD.

GON. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, Madam.

GON. By day and night, he wrongs me: every hour

He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds; I'll not endure it;
His Knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids
us

On ev'ry trifle. When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him; say, I am sick.

If you come slack of former services *)

You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, Madam, I hear him.

GON. Put on what weary negligence you
please

You and your fellows: I'd have it come **) to
question

IF

*) If you come slack of former services wenn ihr nicht mehr pünktlich in euren Dienste sein werdet.

**) come to question zur Sprache kommen.

If he distaste it, let him to my sister,
 Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one
 Not to be over — rul'd; Idle old man,
 That still would manage those authorities,
 That he hath giv'n away! — Now, by my life,
 Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd
 With checks, like flatt'ers when they're seen
 t'abuse us.

Remember, what I have said.

Stew. Very well, Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights have colder looks
 among you: what grows of it, no matter; ad-
 vise your fellows so; I'll write strait to my sister
 to hold my course: prepare for dinner. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE changes to an open Place
 before the Palace.

Enter KENT disguis'd.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
 And can my speech disuse, my good intent
 May carry thro' itself to that full issue
 For which I razed my likeness. Now banish'd
 Kent,

C

II

If thou can'st serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,

So may it come, thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter Lear, Knights and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner, go,
get it ready: How now, what art thou?

(To Kent.)

Kent. A man, Sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? what wouldst
thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem;
to serve him truly, that will put me in trust; to
love him that is honest; to converse with him
that is wise and says little; to fear judgment;
to fight when I cannot chuse, and to *) eat no
fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest — hearted fellow, and
as poor as the King.

Lear. If thou be'st as poor for a subject, as
he

*) *to eat no fish*, es war damals ein Sprichwort
he is an honest man and eats no fish d. h. er ist
kein Papiste, weil dieselben damals als Feinde der
Regierung angesehen wurden.

he is for a King, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, Sir, but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsels, ride, run, marr a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualify'd in: and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, Sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to doat on her for any thing. I have years on my back forty — eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou shalt serve me, if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho, dinner — where's my knave? my fool? go you, and call my fool hither. You, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Enter Steward.

Stew. So please you — *(Exit.)*

Lear. What says the fellow there? call the
clot pole back: where's my fool, ho? — I think,
the world's asleep: how now? where's? that
mongrel?

Knight. He says, my Lord, your daughter
is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me
when I call'd him!

Knight. Sir, he answer'd me in the roun-
dest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not?

Knight. My Lord, I know not what the
matter is; but, to my judgment, your Highness
is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affec-
tion as you were wont; there's a great abate-
ment of kindness appears as well in the gene-
ral dependants, as in the Duke himself also, and
your daughter.

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my
Lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be
silent, when I think your Highness is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of my own
conception. I have perceiv'd a most faint *)

ne-

*) *faint* heißt hier *schwächlich*.

neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as my own jealous curiosity; thou as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness; I will look further into't; but where's my fool? I have not seen him these two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, Sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I have noted it well; go you and tell my daughter, I would speak with her. Go you, call hither my fool. O, you, Sir come you hither, Sir; who am I, Sir?

Enter Steward
Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father? my Lord's knave! — you whorson dog, you slave, you cur.

Stew. I am none of these, my Lord; I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me? you rascal?

(Striking him.)
Stew. I'll not be struck, my Lord.

Kent. Nor tript *) neither, you base foot — ball player.

(Tripping up his heels.)

C 3

Lear.

*) tript heißt hiebei statt tript up, oder tript up thy heels und die ein Bein schlagen oder dich niederwerfen.

Lear. I thank thee, fellow. Thou serv'st me,
and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, Sir, arise, away; I'll teach you
differences: away, away; if you will measure
your lubber's length again, tarry again; but
away, go to: have you wisdom? so. —

(Pushes the Steward out.)

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank
thee; there's earnest of thy service.

To them, Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too; here's my cox-
comb.

(Giving his cap.)

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how
do'st thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my cox-
comb.

Kent. Why, my boy?

Fool. Why? for taking one's part, that is
out of favour; nay, an thou can'st not smile as
the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly. There,
take my coxcomb; why, this fellow has banish'd
two of his daughters, and did the third a blee-
sing against his will; if thou follow him, thou
must needs wear my coxcomb. How now, nun-
cle?

cle? *) would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters.

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I give them all my living, I'll keep my coxcomb my self; there's mine, beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, Sirrah, the whip. —

Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipt out, when the lady brach may stand by th' fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me.

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

(To Kent.)

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle;
Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest,
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep within door,
And **) thou shalt have more

C 4

Than

*) nuncle, Gevatter.

**) thou shalt have more, than two sons is a score,
so wirst Du dich in guten Umständen befinden.

Than two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then it is like the breath of an un-
fee'd lawyer, you gave me nothing for't; can
you make no use of nothing nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made
out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent
of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool.
(To Kent.)

Lear. A bitter fool! —

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my
boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet one?

Lear. No, lad, teach me.

Fool. That Lord, that counsel'd thee to gi-
ve away thy land,

Come, place him here by me! do thou for him
stand;

The sweet and bitter fool will presently appear,
The one, in motley here; the other, found out
there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given
away, that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my Lord.

Fool.

Fool. No, faith; Lords, and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly on't, they would have part on't: nay, the Ladies too, they'll not let me have all fool to myself, they'll be snatching.

Give me an egg nuncle, and I'll give thee
two crowns.

Lear. What two *) crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the 'egg i' th' middle and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg; when thou clovest thy crown i' th' middle and gav'st away both parts, thou bor'st thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt; **) thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gav'st thy golden one away: if I speak like myself in this, let him be whipt that first finds it so.

(Singing.)

Fools ne'er had less grace in a year,
For wise men are grown foppish;

C 5

And

*) *two crowns* diese und die folgende Stelle muß man durch die doppelte Bedeutung des Worts *crowns*, Krone und Eierschalen erklären.

**) *the dirt*, diese Stelle bezieht sich auf die Fabel mit dem Bauer, der es niemanden recht machen konnte, und seinen Esel, der ihn tragen sollte, selbst trug.

And know not how their wits to wear
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of
songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, e'er since thou
mad'st thy daughters thy mothers, for when
thou gav'st them the rod, and put'st down thy
own breeches,

(Singing.)

Then they for sudden joy did weep,
And I for sorrow sung;
That such a King should play bo — peep,
And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school — master
that can teach thy fool to lye; I would fain
learn to lye.

Lear. If you lye, sirrah, we'll have you
whipt.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy
daughters are: they'll have me whipt for ~~spea-~~
king true, thou'lt have me whipt for lying; and,
sometimes, I am whipt for holding my peace.
I had rather be any kind o'thing than a fool,
and yet I would not be thee, nuncle, thou hast
pared thy wit o'both sides, and left nothing i'
th' middle: here comes one o'th' parings.

To

To them, Enter Gonzill.

Lear. How now, daughter, what makes that frontlet *) on? you are too much of late i' th' frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure; I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing. — Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; (*To General.*) so your face bids me, tho' you say nothing.

(*Singing:*)

Mum, mum, he that keeps nor crust nor
crum,

Weary of all, shall want some.

That's a sheald peascod.

Gon. Not only, Sir, this your all — licens'd
fool,

But other of your insolent retinue,
Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth
In rank and not to be endured riots,
I thought, by making this well known unto you,
I have found a safe redress; but now grow a
fearful,

By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That

*) front let, ein Stirnband, hier aber die Stirne.

That you protect this course, and put it on *)
By your allowance; if you should, the fault
Would not scape censure, nor the redresses sleep;
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence
(Which else were shame;) that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you know, nuncle,
The hedge — Sparrow fed the Cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit of by its young;
So out went the candle, and we were left dark-
ling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. I would, you would make use of your
good wisdom,
Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away
These dispositions, which of late transport you
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart
Draws the horse? whoop, **) lug; I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me? this is not
Lear:

Does

*) put it on, bestricket es.

**) whoop Heil! und diese fünf letzten Worte sind
nach Stevens Meinung der Refersat eines alten
Fisches.

Does Lear walk thus? speak thus; where are
his eyes;

Either his notion weakens, his discernings
Are lethargy'd — Ha! waking — 'tis not so
Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Lear's shadow? I would learn; for by the marks,
Of sovereignty, of knowledge, and of reason,
I should be false persuaded I had daughters.

Your name, fair gentlewoman? —

GON. This admiration, Sir, is much o'th' fa-
your

Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you,
To understand my purposes aright.

You, as you're old and reverend, should be wise.

Here do you keep a hundred Knights and Squires,
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd and bold,

That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shews like a riotous inn; Epicurism and lust

Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,

Than a grac'd palace. Shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy. Be then desir'd

By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
Of fifty to disquantity your train;

And the remainders, that shall still depend,

To be such men as may besort your age,

And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!

Saddle my horses, call my train together. —

Exit.

Degeu'

Degen' rate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

G o n. You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble,
Make servants of their betters.

To them. Enter Albany.

L e a r. Woe! that too late repents — O, Sir,
are you come?
Is it your will, speak, Sir? prepare my horses. —
(*To Alb.*)

Ingratitude! thou marble — hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in a child,
Than the sea — monster.

A l b. Pray, Sir, be patient.

L e a r. Detested kite! thou liest. (*To Generill.*)
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know;
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their names. O most small fault!
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia shew?
Which, like an engine, wrenched my frame of
nature

From the fixt place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate that let thy folly in.

(*Striking his head.*)

And

And thy dear judgment out. — Go, go, my people.

Alb. My Lord. I'm guiltless, as I'm ignorant,
Of what hath mov'd you.

Lear. It may be so, my Lord —
Hear, Nature, hear; dear Goddes, hear a father!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful:
Into her womb convey sterility,
Dry up in her the organs of increase,
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen, that it may live,
And be a thwart *) disnatur'd torment to her;
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With candent **) tears fret channels in her cheeks
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel,
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankless child. — Go, go, my people.

Alb. Now, Gods, that we adore, whereof
comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know of it:
But

*) be a thwart *disnatur'd* torment to her, sie auf
eine verkehrte unnatürliche Art zu peinigen.

**) *candent* andere lesen *candens* herabfallend.

But let his disposition have that scope,
That dotage gives it.

Lear. What, fifty *) of my followers at a
clap?

Within a fortnight? —

Alb. What's the matter, Sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee — life and death! I am
afham'd

That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus;
(To Gon.)

That these hot tears, which break from me per-
force

Should make thee worth them — blasts and fogs
upon thee!

Th' untented **) woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond eyes

BewEEP this cause again, I'll pluck ye out,

And cast you, with the waters that you lose,

To temper clay. Ha! is it come to this?

Let it be so: I have another daughter,

Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;

When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails

She'll flea thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,

That

*) fifty of --- clap hier ist weggelassen discharged,
oder chased away.

**) untended heißt hier unheilbar.

That I'll resume the shape, which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever. (*Exeunt Lear and Arden-
dants.*)

Gon. Do you mark that!

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Gonerill,
Tho' the great love I bear you. —

Gon. Pray you, be content. What, Oswald,
ho!

You, Sir, more knave than fool, after your ma-
ster.

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, ta-
ke the fool with thee:

A Fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter
So thee fool follows after.

(*Exit.*)

Gon. This man hath had good counsel, —
a hundred Knights!

'Tis politick, and safe, to let him keep
A hundred Knights; yes, that on ev'ry dream,
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their pow'rs,
And hold our lives at mercy: Oswald, I say.

Alb. Well, you may fear too far; —

Gon. Safer than trust too far;

D

Let

Let me still take away the harms I fear,
 Not fear still to be harm'd. I know his heart;
 What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister;
 If she'll sustain him and his hundred Knights,
 When I have shew'd th' unfitness —

Enter Steward.

How now, Oswald?

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Stew. Ay, Madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away
 to horse;

Inform her full of my particular fears,
 And thereto add such reasons of your own,
 As may compact it more. So, get you gone,
 And hasten your return, (*Exit Steward.*)

— No, no, my Lord
 This milky gentleness and course of yours,
 Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
 You are much more at task *) far went of wisdom,

Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot
 tell;

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then —

Alb. Well, well th' event. (*Exeunt.*)

*) — — as task the word is more established.

SCENE, a Court — Yard, belonging to
the Duke of Albany's Palace

Re-enter LEAR, KENT, Gentleman and FOOL.

LEAR. Go you before to Glo'ster with these
letters; acquaint my daughter no farther with
any thing you know, than comes from her de-
mand out of the letter; if your diligence be not
speedy, I shall be there afore you.

KENT. I will not sleep, my Lord, 'till I have
delivered your letter. (Exit.)

FOOL. If a man's brain were in his heels, we-
re't not in danger of kibes?

LEAR. Ay, boy.

FOOL. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry, thy wit
shall not go slip — shod

LEAR. Ha, ha, ha.

FOOL. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use
thee kindly; for tho' she's as like this as a crab's
like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

LEAR. What can't tell, boy?

FOOL. She will taste as like this, as a crab
does to a crab. Can'st thou tell, why one's no-
se stands i' th' middle of one's face.

D 2

LEAR.

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side one's nose, that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong *) —

Fool. Can'st tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell, why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put's head in, not to give it away to his daughter's, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature: so kind a father! be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about'em, the reason, why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight,

Fool. Yes, indeed; thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear.

*) *I did her wrong.* Lear scheint hier seine Tochter Cordelia zu meinen.

Lear. To tak't again perforce! — monster
ingratitude!

Fool. If you were my fool, nuncle, I'd have
thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old, 'till
thou hadst been wife.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad sweet
heav'n!

Keep me in temper, I would not be mad.

Enter Gentleman.

How now, are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my Lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at
my departure
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut
shorter.

(Exeunt.)

Act II.

SCENE, A Castle belonging to the
Earl of Glo'ster.

Enter Edmund and Curan, severally.

Edmund,

SAVE thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, Sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall, and Regan his Dutcheſs, will be here with him this night,

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not; you have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whisper'd ones; for they are yet but ear — kiſſing arguments, *)

Edm. Not I; pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Cur. You may do ~~them~~ in time, Fare you well Sir. (Exit.)

*) ear Kiſſing arguments Geheimniſſe.

Edm.

Edm. The Duke be here to — night! the
better! best!

This waves itself perforce into my business;
My father hath set guard to take my brother,
And I have one thing of a queasy question
Which I must act; briefness, and fortune work!
Brother, a word; descend; brother, I say; —

To him, Enter Edgar.

My father watches; O Sir, fly this place,
Intelligence is giv'n where you are hid;
You've now the good advantage of the night —
Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of
Cornwall.

He's coming hither, now i'th' haste,
And Regan with him; have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.

Edg. I'm sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming. Reason
me —

In cunning *) must draw my sword upon you —
Draw, se em to defend yourself.
Now quit you well. **)

*) In cunning, zum Eseln.

**) quit you well, mach deine Sache gut.

Yield

Yield — come before my father — light ho.
here! —

Fly, brother — Torches! — so farewell —
(Exit. Edg.)

Some blood, drawn on me, would beget opi-
nion (*Wounds his arm.*)

Of my more fierce endeavour I've seen drun-
kards

Do more than this in sport. Father! Father!
Stop, Stop, no help? —

To him Glo'ster, and servants with torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain;

Edm. Here, stood he in the dark, his sharp
sword out,

Mumbling of wicked charms, conj'ring the
moon

To stand's auspicious mistress.

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, Sir I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, Sir, when by no
means he could —

Glo. Pursue him, ho! go after. By nome-
ans, what? —

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your
Lordship;

But that, I told him, the revenging Gods
'Gainst parricides did all the thunder bend,

Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond
 The child was bound to th' father. — Sir.
 in fine,

Seeing how lothly opposite I stood
 To his unnat'ral purpose, in fell motion
 With his prepared sword he charges home
 My unprovided body lanc'd my arm;
 And when he saw my best alarmed spirits,
 Bold in the quarrel's right rous'd to th' encounter,
 Or wether gasted by the noise I made,
 Fall suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far;
 Not in this land shall he remain uncaught
 And found; dispatch — the noble Duke my
 master,
 My worthy and arch patron, comes to — night;
 By his authority I will proclaim it,
 That he, who finds him, shall deserve our
 thanks,
 Bringing the murd'rous coward to the stake:
 He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
 And found him pight *) to do it, with curst
 speech

I thre-

*) pight, gencigt, entschlossen.

I threaten'd to discover him; he replied;
 Thou unprofessing bastard; dost thou think,
 If I would stand against thee, would the refusal
 Of any trust, virtue, or worth in thee
 Make thy words faith'd? no; what I should
 deny. —

(As this I would, although thou didst produce
 My very character *)) I'd turn it all
 To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice;
 And thou must make a dullard of the world;
 If they not thought the profits of my death
 Were very pregnant and potential speurs
 To make thee seek it. (*Trumpets within.*)

Glo. O strange, fasten'd, villain!
 Would he deny his letter? — I never got
 him. —

Hark, the Duke's trumpets! I know not why
 he comes. —

All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
 The Duke must grant me that; besides, his
 picture

I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
 May have due note of him: and of my land
 (Loyal and natural boy!) I'll work the means
 To make thee capable,

*) character, *Handschrift.*

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendant.

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since
I came hither,
Which I can call but now, I have heard strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too
short,
Which can pursue th' offender, how does my
Lord?

Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd,
it's crack'd.

Reg. What, did my father's gadson seek
your life?

He whom my father nem'd, your Edgar?

Glo. O lady, lady, shame would have it hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights,
That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, Madam, 'tis too bad,
too bad.

E. 4m. Yes, Madam, he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvel then, though *) he were
ill affected;

'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,

*) shoug he were ill, das er ein so böses Herz hatte.

To have th' expence and was of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister,
Been well inform'd of them; and with such
cautions,
That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, I assure thee, Regan;
Edmund, I hear, that you have shewn your
father

A child — like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, Sir.

**Glo. He did bewray his practice, and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.**

Corn. Is he pursued?

Gle. Ay, my good Lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm, make your own pur-
pose.

How in my strength you please. As for you,
Edmund.

Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need:
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, Sir,
Truly, however else,

Glo-

Corn: You know not why we came to visit you —

Reg. Thus out of season threading dark —
ey'd night;

Occasions, noble Glo'ster of some prize,
Wherein we must have use of your advice. —
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home: the several mes-
sengers

From hence attend dispatch. Our good old
freed.

Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our businesses,
Which crave the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, Madam:
Your Graces are right welcome. (*Exeunt*)

Enter Kent, and Steward, severally.

Stew. Good evening to thee, friend; art
of this house?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we fet our horses?

Kent. I th' mire.

Stew. Pr'y thee, if thou' lov'st me,
tell me. . . .

Kent.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury *) pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats, a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three — suited, **) hundred pound, ***) filthy worsted — stocking ****) knave; a lily — liver'd, action — taking, Knave, a whorson, glass — gazing, super-serviceable, finical, rogue; one — trunk — inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd in way of goad service; and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander,

*) *Lipsbury*, wahrscheinlich ein Ort, welcher gewisse Vorrechte und Freiheiten hatte.

**) *three — suited*, besser *third suited* wie einige lesen, d. h. einer der ein altes Kleid wieder zum drittenmal als neu trägt.

***) *hundred pound*, der 100 Pfund in Vermögen hat.

****) *worsted — stocking* der zerissene Strümpfe trägt.

der, and the son and heir of a mungril bitch; one whom I will beat into clam'rous whining, if thou deny'st the least syllable of thy addition. *)

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen — fac'd varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me? is it two days ago, since I tript up thy heels, and beat thee before the King? draw, you rogue; for tho' it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' th' moonshine of you; you whoreson, cullionly barber — monger, draw. *(Drawing his sword.)*

Stew. Away, I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal; you come with letters against the King; and take vanity, **) the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father; draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks — draw, you rascal, come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help! —

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand rogue you neat slave, strike. *(Beating him.)*

Stew.

*) *Addition*, Titel.

**) *vanity* — bezieht sich auf die allegorischen Nachtspiele in England, worinn die Leidenschaften und Sitten personifizirt wurden.

Stew. Help, ho! murder, murder! —

Enter Edmund, Cornwall, Regan, Glo'ster, and Servants.

Edm. How now, what's the matter? Part. —

Kent. With you, good man boy, if you please; come, I'll flesh ye; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons? arms? what's the matter her?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives; he dies, that strikes again, what's the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the King?

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my Lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirr'd your valour; you cowardly rascal! nature disclaims all share in thee: a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow; a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, Sir; a stone — cutter, or a painter could not have made him so ill, tho' they had been but two hours o' th' trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, Sir, whose life I have spar'd at suit of his grey beard. —

Kent.

66

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unmercif-
ry letter! my Lord, if you will give me leave,
I will tread this unbalted villain into mortar,
and daub the wall of a jakes with him. Spare
my grey beard? you wagtail! —

Corn. Peace, Sirrah!
You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, Sir, but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this shou'd wear
a sword,

Who wears no honesty: such smiling rogues as
these

Like rats, oft bite the holy *) cords in twain
Too sacrificate t' unloose: sooth every passion,
That in the nature of their Lords rebels:

Bring oil to fire; snow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks *)

With ev'ry gale and vary of their masters')

Not knowing ought, like dogs, but following.

*) Die heiligen Seelen, die heiligen Bande der Gutsfreunde
schaft.

*) Die halcyon beaks, weil man nicht hat der Gutes
et seinen Götzen, wenn er ihnen anhängen
wird, nach dem Winde drehet.

A plague upon your epileptic village!
 Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool!
 Goose, if I had you upon Sarum — plain,
 I'd drive ye tackling home to Camelot.

Corn. What art thou mad, old fellow!

Glo. How fell you out? say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy
 Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? what
 saw'st thou in him as gave him that name?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more perchance, does mine, nor
 his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain.

I have seen better faces in my time
 Than stand on any shoulder that I see
 Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is a fellow that affects

A sawcy roughness; and constrains the garb,
 Quite

Unbecomingly to dress himself.

Who, being so well known, should use his

Countenance to the wainwright's trade.

He is a fellow that affects

A sawcy roughness; and constrains the garb,
 Quite

Unbecomingly to dress himself.

Who, being so well known, should use his

Countenance to the wainwright's trade.

He is a fellow that affects

A sawcy roughness; and constrains the garb,
 Quite

As honest mind and plain, he must speak truth;
 And they will take in his plainness,
 These kind of knowers to know, which in all
 Hapless and craft, and more corrupter is,
 Than twenty silly ducking abominations,
 That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith; in sincere verity,
 Under th' allowance of your grand aspect,
 Whose influence, like the morn'g of radiant fire
 On flickering Phœbus front. —

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. Forgive me if my dialect, which you
 do not understand, Sir, I am no flatterer
 of you, but I have said you are a plain
 man, and a plain knave; which for my part
 will not be thought I should win your displea-
 sure to intreat me to't.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Stew. I never gave him any: said I to him
 It pleas'd the King his master very lately
 To strike at me upon his instructions.
 When

*) In better place.
 **) Observance of the King's commands.

When he conjunct, still flatt'ning his displeasure,
Tript me behind; being down insulted, said,
And put *) upon him such a deal of yams, that
That worried him, got promises of the King,
For him attempting who was self subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues and cowards,
But Ajax is the mischief.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks.
You stubborn ancient knave, you rev'rend drag-
garn,

We'll teach you—
Kindly Sir, I am too old to learn.
Call not your stocks for me; I serve the King.
On whose employments I was sent to you,
Now, shall do small respect, their too bold malice
Against the grave and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Bring forth the stocks.
As I have life and honour, there shall he sit till
Reg. Till noon! till night, my Lord, and
all night too.

Kent.

*) Put upon him such a deal of yams, got the day
bei das Ansehen eines großen Mannes.

Kent. Why, Madam, if I were your father's
(Shakes) his son, I am a dog.

You could not shame me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will (Stocks here)
show how I am his son.

Corn. This is a fellow of the self — finite
in nature.

Our sister speaks of. Come, bring away *) the
stocks.

(Glo. Let me beseech your Grace not to do so.
His fault is much, and the good King his master
Will check him for't; your purpose low correc-
tion

Is such; and the punishment
For pilferings, and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd so. The King that (like a god)
That he, so slightly valued in his messengers,
Should have him thus corrected.

Cor. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more
worse.

To have her Gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs. Put in his legs —

(Kent is put in the stocks.)

Ey Come,

bring away with her: —

*) bring away with her: —

Comes, my Lord, I pray you, M. y. N. 1. 2. 3. 4.
(Exeunt Regan and Cornwall.)

Glo. I'm sorry for thee, my brother, but
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd nor stop'd. I'll intreat for thee.

Kent. Pray do not, Sir. I've watch'd and
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle:
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels: *)
Give you good — morrow.

Glo. The Duke's to blame in this — will be
il taken (Exit.)

Kent. Good King, that must approve the deed
That out of his heart's meditation comes
To approach, thou must to this matter give
Approach, thou must to this matter give

(Looking up to the moon.)

That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse

*) grow out at heels schlechte Befehle sein, sich in
schlechten Umständen befinden

**) Out of heaven's benediction com'st to the warm
sun, ein Sprichwort, das von denen gesagt wird,
die aus ihrem Hause verjagt sind und sich in der freien
Luft aufhalten.

To take the coldest and the poorest shape,
 That ever poverty in contempt of ease
 Brought us to bear: my face I'll grind with
 Blanket my limbs, and all my hair in knots;
 And with presented nakedness out-face
 The winds and persecutions of the sky.
 The country gives me proof and precedent
 Of bedlam-beggars, who, with howling voices
 Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms
 Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
 And with this horrible object, from low farms
 Poor peevish villagers, sleep, and mirth,
 Sometimes with lunatick bans, sometimes with
 pray'rs,

Inforce their charity: poor Tallygood *)! poor
 Tom! —

That's something yet: Edgar I nothing am.

And (Edg.)

I have been

*) Tallygood

I have been

I have been

I have been

I have been

I have been

I have been

I have been

I have been

I have been

I have been

SCENE, changes again, to the **Bar** of
Gloster's Castle.

Enter **LEAR**, **ROD**, and **SHRIMP**.

Lear. 'TIS strange, that they should so depart
 from home,
 And not send back my messenger.

Gent. And I can't d.
 The night before, there was no purpose in them
 Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. Ha! mak' it thou thy shame thy possi-

Kent. No my Lord.

Ro. Ha, ha, he wears cruel garters; hoo-
 les are ty'd by the heads, dogs and bears by the
 neck, monkeys by the loins, and men by the
 legs; when a man is over — lusty as legs that
 he wears wooden nether stock's.

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy Ple-
 ce mistook,
 To let thee here?

Kent. It is both he and the
Lear

SCENE, changes again, to the front of Gloster's Castle.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. By my sword, I swear, ay.

Kent. By Iuno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They would not do't, tis worse than

They could do't, would not do't, tis worse than
murder

To do upon respect such violent baggage

Resolve me with all modest haste, which over

Thou might'st deserve, or they impose this usage

Coming from us?

Kent. My Lord; when at their home

I did commend your Highness' letters to them,

Ere I was risen from the place, that shew'd

My duty kneeling, came a reeking Post,

Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting

From Goneril his mistress, simulation;

Deliver'd letters spight of intercession
which

~~of the same kind as the first, and the second~~

*) *Siewe es in his haste durch seine große Eilfertigkeit ganz mit Schweiß bedeckt.*

**) *Spight of intercession contraband der sonstigen zwangenen Vorsicht meiner Briefe.*

Which presents me, and reads on white sheets
 They summon'd up their meiny, frait took horse;
 Commanded me to follow, and attend
 The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks;
 And meeting here the other messenger,
 Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had not been mild;
 (Being his very fellow, which he had learn'd to
 Display this family against your Highness.)
 Having more man than suit about me, I drew;
 He seiz'd the horse with loud and coward cries,
 Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
 The shame which here it suffers.

Foot. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild
 geese fly that way
 Fathers, that wear rags,
 Do make their children blind;
 But fathers, that bear bags,
 Shall see their children kind.
 Fortune, that arrant whore,
 Ne'er turns the key to th' poor.
 But, for all this, thou shalt have as many do-
 lours from
 Thy dear daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. Oh, how this mother swells up toward
 my heart!
 Hyfterica passio, down, thou climbing sorrow,
 Thy element's below; where is this daughter?
 Kent.

Flour. With the East, Sir, take withal.

Learn. Follow me not; stay here. (Exit.)

Geist. Made you no more offence
But what you speak of?

Kent. No, Sir.
How chance the King comes with so small a

Fool. And thou hast seen let it be so
for that question, thou art well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool.

Fool. We'll set the to school to an ant, to
teach thee there's no lab'ring i'th winter. All
that follow their noses are led by their eyes,
but blind men; and there's not a nose among
twenty, but can smell him that's stinking —
let yo thy hold, when a great wheel runs
down a hill, lest it break thy neck with fol-
lowing it; but the greed one that goes upward,
let him draw thee after. When a wise man gi-
ves the better counsel, give me mine again;
I would have none but knaves follow it, sin-
ce a fool gives it.

That Sir, which serves for gain,

And follows but for form,

Will pack, when it begins to rain,

And leave thee in the storm.

But

That I will serve, the fool will serve. . . . I

And let the wise man fly:

The knave turns fool, when he is woe;

The fool no knave, perdy.

Learn. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i'th' Stocks fool.

Learn. Learn, and Glouster.

Learn. Deny to speak with me? they're

sick, they're weary.

They have travell'd all the night? more fetches,

The images of revolt and flying off.

Bring me a better answer —

Glou. My dear Lord

You know the fiery quality of the Duke:

How unremovable, and fixt he is

In his own course.

Learn. Vengeance! plague! death! confu-

sion!

Why? what fiery quality? why, Glouster,

I'd speak with th' Duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

Glou. Well, my good Lord, I have inform'd

them so.

Learn. Inform'd them? dost thou understand

me now?

Glou. Ay, my good Lord.

Learn.

Learn.

My heart my heart my heart !
equid but down.

Poor Eels, when he put them all
alive; she rapt 'em with a stick,
and cry'd, down wantons down; 'Twas her
brother, that in pure kindness to his horle but
ser'd his bay.

Regan, Glance, and Serpent.

Lear. Good —

Corn. Hail to your Grace! —

Reg. I am glad to see your Highness.

Lear. Regan, I think, you are; I know

I have to think so; if thou wert not glad,

I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,

Sepulchring an adulteress. O, are you free?

Some other time for that. Beloved Regan,

Thy sister's naught; on Regan, the hand tied

Sharp — tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture here,

I can scarce speak to thee; thou dost not believe

With how deprav'd a quality — oh Regan!

Reg.

Cockney with her dog.

Reg. I pray you, Sir, take patience; I have
hope

You left know how to value her desert.
That she to soe her duty.

Lea. Say? How is that? —

Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation. If, perchance,
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers;
'Tis on such ground, and so such wholesome will,
As clears her from all blame.

Lea. My carles on her! —

Reg. O Sir, you are old,
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine; you should be rul'd and rul'd
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you your Self; therefore, I pray
you,
That to our sister you do make return;
Say, you have wrong'd her, Sir.

Lea. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark, how this becomes the age?
Dear daughter, I confess, that I am old,
Age is unnecessary: *) On my knees I beg,
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.
Reg.

*) unnecessary is also necessary.

Reg. Good Sir, no more; these are unlight-
 ful tricks: —
 Return you to my sister.

Lear. Never, Regan:
 She hath abated me of half my train;
 Look'd blank *) upon me; struck me with her
 tongue

Most serpent — like, upon the very heart;
 All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall
 On her ingrateful Top! strike her young bones,
 You taking **) airs, with lameness! — —

Corn. Fy! Sir, fy!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blin-
 ding flames
 Into her scornful eyes! infect her beauty,
 You fen — suck'd fogs, drawn by the pow'ful
 sun

To fall, and blast her pride.

Reg. O the blest Gods!
 So will you wish on me, when the rash mood
 is on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my
 curse;

Thy

*) blank heißt hier unfreundlich, kaltfinnig.

**) taking heißt hier ansetzend.

Thy tender hearted nature shall not give
 These o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but
 thine

Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
 To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
 To baudy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
 And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
 Against my coming in. Thou better know'st
 The offices of nature, bond of child — hood,
 Effects of court'ry, dues of gratitude:
 Thy half o'th' Kingdom thou hast not forgot,
 Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good Sir, to th' purpose. (*Trumpet
 within.*)

Lear. Who put my man i'th' Stocks?

Enter Steward.

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Reg. I know't, my sifter's: this approves
 her letter,
 That she would soon be here. Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy — borro-
 wed pride
 Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.
 Out, varlet, from my sight.

Corn. What means your Grace?

En-

Lear. You? did you?

Reg. I pray you, Father, being weak, seem so.
If, 'till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;
I'm now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and chuse
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl;
To wage, against the enmity o' th' air,
Necessity's sharp pinch — Return with her?
Why, the hot blooded France, that dow'ries
took

Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To kneel his throne, and Squire — like pen-
sion beg,
To keep base life a — foot: — Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave, and sumpter,
To this detested groom.

Gon. At your choice, Sir.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me
mad;

I will not trouble thee, my child. Farewel;
We'll no more meet, no more see one another;
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daugh-

ter,

Or

Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine; thou art a bane,
A plague — sore, or imbossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood; but I'll not chide thee.
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it;
I do not bid the thunder — bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high — judging love.
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure:
I can be patient, I can stay with Regan;
I, and my hundred Knights.

Reg. Not altogether so;
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome; give ear to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so —
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken?

Reg. I dare avouch it, Sir; what, fifty fol —
lowers?

Is it not well? what should you need of more?
Yea, or so many? since both charge and danger
Speak' gainst so great a number: how in one
house

Should many people under two commands
Hold amity? 'tis hard, almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my Lord, receive attendance

F 3 From

From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my Lord? if then they chanc'd
to slack ye

We could controul them; if you'll come to me,
(For now I spy a danger) I intreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all —

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my Guardians, my depositaries;

But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number; must I come to you
With five and twenty? Regan, said you so?

Reg. And speak't again, my Lord, no more
with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look
well — favour'd

When others are more wicked; not being worst,
Stands in some rank of praise; I'll go with thee;
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty;
And thou art twice her love. *)

Gon. Hear me, my Lord;

What

*) thou art twice her love, Du bist mich noch einmal so sehr als sie.

What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What needs one?

Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beg-
gars

Are in the poorest thing superfluous;
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beasts'. Thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous
wear'st,

Which scarcely keeps thee warm, but for true
need,

You heav'ns, give me that patience which I need!
You see me here, you Gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you, that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger;
O let not women's weapons, water — drops,
Stain my man's cheeks. No, you unnat'ral hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall — I will do such things,
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall
be

The terrors of the earth: you think, I'll weep:

No, I'll not weep. I have full cause of weeping:
 This heart shall break into a thousand flaws
 Or ere I weep. O fool, I shall go mad.

(Exit Lear, Glo'ster, Kent and Fool.)

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

(Storm and tempest.)

Reg. This house is little; the old man and
 his people

Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame hath put himself
 from rest,
 And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly;
 ly;

But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
 Where is my Lord of Glo'ster?

Enter Glo'ster,

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth; — he is
 return'd.

Glo. The King is in high rage, and will I
 know not whither,

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads
 himself.

Gon. My Lord, intreat him by no means to
 stay.

Glo.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on: and the high
winds
Do forely ruffle, for many miles about.
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O Sir, to wilful men,
The injuries, that they themselves procure,
Must be their school — masters: shut up your
doors:

He is attended with a desp'rate train;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear,

Cor. Shut up your doors, my Lord, 'tis a
wild night,

My Regas counsels well: come out o'th' storm,
(Exeunt.)

 Act III.

SCENE, a Heath.

A storm is heard, with thunder and lightning.
 Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, severally.

Kent.

WHO'S there, besides foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most
 unquietly.

Kent. I know you; where's the King?

Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;
 Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea;
 Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
 That things might change, or cease: tears his
 white hair;

Which the impetuous blasts with eyeless rage
 Catch in their fury, and make nothing of.)

Strives in his little world of man t'outscorn
 The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.

This night, wherein the cub — drawn bear *)
 would couch,

She

*) Cub — drawn bear, seine Jungen liegende Wdr.

The lion, and the belly — pinched wolf —
 Keep their furr dry; unbounnetted he runs, I
 And bids what will, take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool, who labours to
 out — jest

His heart — struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you,
 And dare, upou the watrant of my note,
 Commend a dear thing to you. There's division
 (Although as get the face of it is cover'd
 With matual cunning) 'twixt Albany and
 Cornwall: —

Who have (as who have uot, whom their gre-
 at stars

Throne and set high?) servants, who seem
 no less;

Which are to France the spies and speculations
 Intelligent of our state. What hath been seen,
 Either in snuffs and packings of the Dukes:

Or the hard rein, which both of them have
 borne

Against the old kind king; or something deeper.
 (Whereof, perchance, these are but furni-
 shings*) —)

But

*) *furnishings* heißt hier der Vorwand.

90

But true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd Kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have sent sea and land
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner — Now to you
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report,
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The Ring hath cause to plain.
I am a gentlemam of blood and breeding,
And from some knowledge and assurance of
you,

Offer this Office.

Gent. I'll talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not:

For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out — wall, open this purse and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,
(As, fear not, but you shall) shew her that ring,
And she will tell you who this fellow is,
That yet you do not know. Fly on this storm!
I will go seek the King.

Gent. Give me your hand, have you no more
to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than
all yet;

That,

That, when we have found the King, (in which
you take

That way, I this: The that first fights, Oh him,
Halloo the other. (*Exeunt severally.*)

Storm still. Enter Lear and Fool.

Lear. Blow winds, and crack your cheeks;
rage, blow!

You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
'Till you have drencht our steeple, drown'd the
cocks! *

You sulph'rous and thought — executing fires,
Vaunt — couriers of oak — cleaving thunder —
bolts,

Singe my white head, And thou all — shaking
thunder,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o'th' world;
Crack nature's mould, all germins spill at once
That make ingrateful man.

Fool. O nuncle, court — holy — water in
a dry house is better than the rain — waters
out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy
daughters blessing: here's a night, that pities
neither wife men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full, spit fire, spout
rain;

Nor

*) Cocks, die Wetterhähne auf den Dächern.

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters;
 ters;

I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
 I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children;
 You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
 Your horrible pleasure; — here I stand, your
 slave;

A poor infirm, weak, and despis'd old man!
 But yet I call you servile ministers,
 That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
 Your high — engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
 So old and white as this, Oh! oh! 'tis foul.

Fool. He that has a house to put's head in,
 has a good head — piece:

The codpiece that will house, before the head
 has any.

The head and she shall lowse; so 'beggars mar-
 ry many.

That man that makes his toe, what he his heart
 should make,

Shall of a corn cry woe, and turn his sleep to
 wake.

For there was never yet fair woman, but she
 made mouths in a *) glass.

To

*) glass, Spiegel.

To them, Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience,
I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry here's grace, and a cod — piece,
that's a wise man and a fool.

Kent. Alas, Sir, are you here? things, that
love night,

Love not such nights as these: the whratful
skies

Gallow the very wand'ers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: since I was
a man,

Such sheets of fire, such burfts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot
carry *)

Th' affliction, nor the force.

Lear. Let the great Gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou
wretch,

That hast within thee undivulged crimes,

Us-

*) carry heißt hier ertragen, aushalten.

Unwhipt of justice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand,
Thou perjure, and thou simular of virtue,
That art incestuous: caitiff, shake to pieces,
That under covert and convenient seeming,
Hast practis'd on man's life! — Close pent —

up guilts,
Give your concealing continents and ask
These dreadful summoners grace. — I am a man
More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Lent. Alack, bare — headed?
Gracious my Lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tem-
pest,
Repose you there, while I to this hard house
(More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which ev'n but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in) return, and force
Their scant'd courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.
Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? art cold?
I'm cold myself. Where is the straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your
hovel;
Poor fool and knave, I've one part in my heart,
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool.

Fool. He that has an a little tynny wit,
 With heigh ho, the wind and the
 rain;
 Must make content with his fortunes
 fit,
 Though the rain it raineth every
 day.

Lea. True, my good boy: come, bring us
 to this hovel. (Exit.)

Fool. 'Tis a brave night to cool a courtesan;
 I'll speak a prophecy, or ere I go:
 When priests are more in words than matters;
 When brewers marr their malt with water;
 When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
 No hereticks burn'd, but wenches' suitors;
 When every case in law is right,
 No 'Squire in debt, nor no poor Knight;
 When flanders do not live in tongues,
 And cut — purses come not to throngs;
 When usurers tell their gold i'th' field,
 And bawds and whores do churches build:
 Then shall the realm of Albion
 Come to great confusion:
 Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
 That going shall be us'd with feet.
 This prophecy Merlin shall make, for I do live
 before his time.

(Exit.)

G

SCE.

**SCENE, An Apartment in Glosters
Castle.**

Gloster, Gloucester, and Edmund.

Glo. A Lack, slack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing, when I desir'd their leave that I might pity him; they took from me the use of mine own house; charg'd me on pain of perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, or any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing. There is division between the Dukes and a worse matter than that: I have receiv'd a letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be spoken; (I have lock'd the letter in my closet :) these injuries, the King now bears, will be revenged home, there is part of a power already footed; and we must incline to the King; I will look for him, and privily relieve him; go you; and maintain talk with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceiv'd; if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed; if I die for it, as no less is threaten'd me, the King my old master must be relieved. There are fran-

ge

ge things toward, Edmund; pray, you, beware
ful. (Exit.)

Edm. This curtesy, forbid thee, shall the Duke
Instantly know, and of that letter too.
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all.
The younger rises, when the old doth fall.
(Exit.)

SCENE changes to a part of the Heath
with a Hovel.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and FOOL.

Kent. HERE is the place, my Lord; good my
Lord, enter.

The tyranny o' the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. (Storm still.)

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my Lord, enter here.

Lear. Will't break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own: good my
Lord, enter.

G 2

Lear,

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that 'tis con-
tentious storm

Invades us to the skin; to 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shunn'd a bear;
But if thy sight lay toward the roaring sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' th' mouth. When the
mind's free

The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!
Is it not, as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to't? — — But I'll punish home;
No, I'll will weep no more — In such a night,
To shut me out? — pour on, I will endure:
In such a night as this? O Regan, Gonerill,
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave
all — —
O, that way madness lies: let me shun that;
No more of that. —

Kent. Good, my Lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine
own ease.

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more — but I'll go in:
In, boy, go first. You houseless poverty —
Nay, get thee in; I'll pray, and then I'll sleep —

Poor

Poor naked wretches, wherefo'er you are,
That 'bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend
you
From seasons such as these? — O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this: take physick, Pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And they the Heavens more just.

O Ed., within. Fathom and half, fathom and
half, poor Tom.

Ed. I. Commotion here, noise, here's a spl-
endid help-meat; help me.

(The foot runs out from the door.)

Kent. Give me thy hand, who's there?
Ed. I. A spirit, a spirit, he says, his name's
poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou, that dost grumble there
in the straw? come forth.

(Enter Edgar, disguis'd like a Madman.)

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me. Thro-
ugh the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.
Humph, *) go to thy bed and warm thee.

G 3

Lear,

*) Sides kept like batt bodies.

*) Humph, scattled short so viel wie Schall.

Lear. Didst thou give all to thy daughters?
and art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom?
whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and
through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er
bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under
his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane
by his porridge, made him proud of heart, to
ride on a bay trotting horse, over four inch'd
bridges, to course his own shadow for a trai-
tor. — Bless thy five wits; Tom's a — cold. O
do, de, do, de, do, de — bless thee from whirl —
winds, fiar — blasting, and eating *); do poor
Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes.
There could I have him now, and there, and
here again, and there. (Scorn full.)

Lear. Where have his daughters brought him
to this pass?
Should thou have nothing? dost thou give them
all?

Fool. Nay, he reserv'd a blanket: else we
had been all shamed.

Lear. Now all the plagues, that in the pen-
dulous air

hang

*) *and eating*

Mang fated o'er mens' faults, light on thy, daughters!
 ters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, Sir.

Lea'r. Death: traitor, nothing could have
 subdu'd nature

To such a lowliness, but his unkind daughters.

Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?

Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot

Those pelican daughters.

Ed. Pillicock sat on pillicock — Hail, halloo,
 too, too!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools,
 and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o'er foul fiend; obey thy
 parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; com-
 mit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy
 sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a — cold —

Lea'r. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving — man, proud in heart and
 mind; that curl'd my hairs, wore gloves in my
 cap, *) serv'd the lust of my mistress's heart, and

—

*) wore gloves in my cap, es war damals gebräuch-
 lich Handschuh an Hut bei drei verschiedenen Gele-
 genheiten zu tragen. Erstlich als ein Liebeszeichen
 seiner Geliebten, wovon hier die Rede ist, zweitens
 zum Winken eines Freundes und drittens zum Zei-
 chen, daß man von Jemanden heraus gefordert war.

did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heav'n. One that slept in the contriving lust, and wak'd to do it. Wine lov'd I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out — paramour'd the Turk. False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand, hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to woman. Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend. Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: says suum, mun, nonny, dolphin my boy, boy, Selley: let him trot by. *)

(Storm, still.)

Thou wert better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies? Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou dost the worm no more, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the hare no perfume. Here's three of us are sophisticated. Thou art the thing itself; unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare,

*) *Tro. 4. 3. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 841. 842. 843. 844. 845. 846. 847. 848. 849. 850. 851. 852. 853. 854. 855. 856. 857. 858. 859. 860. 861. 862. 863. 864. 865. 866. 867. 868. 869. 870. 871. 872. 873. 874. 875. 876. 877. 878. 879. 880. 881. 882. 883. 884. 885. 886. 887. 888. 889. 890. 891. 892. 893. 894. 895. 896. 897. 898. 899. 900. 901. 902. 903. 904. 905. 906. 907. 908. 909. 910. 911. 912. 913. 914. 915. 916. 917. 918. 919. 920. 921. 922. 923. 924. 925. 926. 927. 928. 929. 930. 931. 932. 933. 934. 935. 936. 937. 938. 939. 940. 941. 942. 943. 944. 945. 946. 947. 948. 949. 950. 951. 952. 953. 954. 955. 956. 957. 958. 959. 960. 961. 962. 963. 964. 965. 966. 967. 968. 969. 970. 971. 972. 973. 974. 975. 976. 977. 978. 979. 980. 981. 982. 983. 984. 985. 986. 987. 988. 989. 990. 991. 992. 993. 994. 995. 996. 997. 998. 999. 1000.*

bare, forked ~~and~~ ~~as~~ ~~thou~~ ~~art~~ ~~would~~ ~~as~~ ~~if~~ ~~you~~
lending? *) come, ~~unbought~~ here.

(Tearing off his clothes.)

Fool, Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented: 'tis
a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire
in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart,
a small spark, and all the rest on a body cold;
look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg: This is the foul Flibbertigibbet; **) he
begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock;
he gives the web and the pin, ***) squints the
eye, and makes the hairlip; mildews the white
wheat, and hurts the poor creature of the earth.
Saint Withold ****), footed thrice, the World.

He met the night — mare, and her nine —
fold,

Bid her alight, and her troth plight,
And aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee,

G. 4. K. 4.

*) Lendings, erborgte Knecht oder erborgter Einnat.

**) Flibbertigibbet, der Name eines bösen Geistes,
der in dergleichen alten Geschichten vorkommt.

***) he gives the web and the pin, er macht das Net
q! Heute Flecken in die Augen (oder den Staar) be-
kommen.

****) Withold, wurde als ein Schutzheiliger, oder
den Ab anrufen.

Kent: How fares your Grace?

Enter Gloster, with a Torch.

Learn. What's he?

Kent. Who's there, what is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? your names?

Edg. Poor Tom, that eats the swimming frog,
the toad, the tod — pole *); the wall — newt,
and the water — newt; that in the fury of his
heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow dung
forallets; swallows the old rat and the ditch-
dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing
pool; who is whipt from tything **) to tything,
and fock — punish'd, and imprison'd; who
hath had three suits to his back, fix shirts to his
body.

Horse to ride, and weapon to wear.

But mice, and rats, and such small deer

Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower. Peace, Smolkin, peace,
— thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your Grace no better com-
pany?

Edg. The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman:
Moth he's call'd, and Malin.

Glo.

Edg. — — — — —

*) sything heist hier ein Det; ein Det.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my Lord, is grown
so vile,

That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Tom's a — cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
Tobey in all your Daughters' hard commands;
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you;
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you, where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this Philoso-
pher; —

What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. My good Lord, take his offer,
Go into th' house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned
Theban;

What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill
vermin.

Lear. Let us ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my
Lord;

His Wits begin to unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame him? (*Storm still.*)

His Daughters seek his death: ah, that good Kent!
He

He said: it could be thus: poor banish'd man] —
Thou say'st the King grows mad; I'll tell thee,

friend,
I'm almost mad myself; I had a son,
Now out — law'd from my blood; he fought
my life,

But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,
No father his son dearer; true to tell thee,
The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's

I do beseech your Grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir!

Noble Philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a — cold.

Glo. In, fellow, into th' hovel; keep thee
warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my Lord.

Lear. With him;
I will keep still with my Philosopher.

Kent. Good my Lord, sooth, him, let him
take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah; come on; along with us.

Lear,

Sooth flatt' sooth up willfabren.

Lear. Come, good Athenian,

Glo. No words, no words, hush.

Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word still, fy, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE changes to Glo'ster's Castle.

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.

Corn. I Will have revenge, ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my Lord, I may be censur'd, that Nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death: but a provoking merit, set a — work by a reprobable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just? this is the letter, which he spone of; which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn.

Corn. Go with me to the Dutchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee Earl of Glo'ster: seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. If I find him comforting the King, it will stuff his suspicion more fully. — (*aside*) I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee, and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE, a Chamber, in a Farm —
house.

Enter KENT and GLO'STER.

Glo. HERE is better than the open air, take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can; I will not be long from you.

(*Exit.*)

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience: the Gods reward your kindness!

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Fool.

Edg. Eraterreto calls me, and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness: pray innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Prythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A King, a King.

Fool. No, he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son: for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning
spits

Come hissing in upon 'em —

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, the health of a horse, the love of a boy, or the oath of a whore.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign 'em strait,
Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;
Thou sapient Sir, sit here — now, ye she —
foxes! —

Edg. Look, where she stands and glares,
Whantest thou eyes

A trial, Madam?

Come o'er the Broom, Bessy, to me.

Fool.

Fool. Her boat hath a leak, and she must
 not speak.
 Why she dures not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the
 voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's
 belly for two white Herrings. Croak not, black
 angel, I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, Sir? Stand you not so
 sleeping and talking, but stand up.
 Will you lie down, and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first; bring me to
 the evidence.

Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;
 And thou his yoke — fellow of equity,
 Bench by his side. You are o' th' commission; sit
 you too.

Edg. Let us deal justly.
 Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?

Thy sheep be in the corn;
 And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
 Thy sheep shall take no harm.
 Purre, the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first, 'tis Gonerill I here
 take my oath before this honourable assembly,
 she kick'd the poor King her father.

Fool. Come hither, Mistress, is your name
 Gonerill?

Lear.

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint — fool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp looks
proclaim

What store her heart is made of. Stop her there;
Arms, Arms, sword, fire, — Corruption in the
place!

Fool. Justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits.

Kent. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,
They mar my counterfeiting. (*Aside*)

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet — heart, see, they
bark at me —

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them; away,
you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;

Mastiff, grey — hound, mungril grim,

Hound or spaniel, brache, or hym;

Or bobtail tike, or trundle — tail,

Tom will make him weep and wail.

Nor, with throwing thus my head,

H

Dogs

Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do, de, de, de: Selsey, *) come, march to wakes and fairs,
And market towns; poor Tom, thy horn is dry. **)

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan —
see what breeds about her heart — Is there any
cause in nature that makes these hard hearts?
You, Sir, I entertain for one of my hundred;
only, I do not like the fashion of your garments.
You will say, they are Persian, but let them be
chang'd.

Re-enter Glo'ster.

Kent. Now, good my Lord, lie here and rest
a while.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise, draw
the curtains;

So, so, we'll go to supper i'th' morning.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Glo. Come hither friend; where is the King,
my master?

Kent.

*) Selsey der Name eines alten Seiffes.

**) Heute, die unter dem Vorwande wahrheits oder La-
fessen zu sein, betrüben, blieben mit einem Horn auf
den Straßen.

Kent. Here, Sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee, take him in thy arms:

I have o'er — heard a plot of death upon him:
There is a litter ready, lay him in't,
And drive tow'rd Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet.

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master.

If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up,
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Opprest Nature sleeps;
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,
Which, if conveniency will not allow, *)
Stand in hard cure. Come, help to bear thy master.

Thou must not stay behind. (To Fool.)

Glo. Come, come, away. (Exeunt, bearing off the King.)

H 2

Ma-

*) if conveniency will not allow, we can still die time
shalt not be better.

Monet Edgar.

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our
woes,

We scarcely think our miseries our foes,
Who alone suffers, suffers most in mind;
Leaving free things, and happy shows behind:
But then the mind much suffering does o'erstep
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellow ship.
How light, and portable, my pain seems now,
When that, which makes me bend, makes the
King bow;
He childed, as I father'd *)! — Tom, away!
Mark the high noises, and thyself bewray,
When false opinion, whose wrong thought de-
files thee,

In thy just proof repeats, and reconciles thee,
What will, hap more to — night, safe 'scape
the King!
Lark, lark. — *Exit. Edgar.*

*) He childed, as I father'd, er wird eben so von
seinen Kindern behandelt, als ich von meinen Vater.

SCENE changes to Glo'ster's Castle.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERILL,
EDMUND, and SERVANTS.

Corn. Post speedily to my Lord your husband,
shew him this letter; the army of France is landed;
seek out the traitor Glo'ster.

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure. Edmund,
keep you our sister company; the revenges, we
are bound to take upon your traitorous father,
are not fit for your beholding. Advise the Duke,
where you are going, to a most festinate
preparation; we are bound to the like. Our
posts shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us.
Farewel, dear sister; farewel, my Lord of Glo'ster.

Enter Steward.

How now? where's the King?

Stew. My Lord of Glo'ster hath convey'd
him hence.

Some five or six and thirty of his Knights,
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate;

H 8

Who

Who with some other of the Lords dependants,
Are gone with him tow'rd Dover; where they
boast

To have well — armed friends.

(Exeunt Gon. and, Edm.)

Corn. Edmund, farewell: — go seek the traitor
Gloster;

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:
Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice; yet our pow'r
Shall do a curt'sy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not controul.

Enter Gloster, brought in by Servants.

Who's there? the traitor?

Reg. Ungrateful fox! 'tis he

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glo. What mean your Graces? Good my friends, consider.

You are my guests: Do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say *(They bind him.)*

Reg. Hard, hard! O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are! I'm none.

Corn. To this chair bind him! Villain, thou
shalt find —

Glo. By the kind gods; 'tis most ignobly done!
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor?

Glo. Naughty lady.

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my
chin,

Will quicken, *) and accuse thee: I'm your host;
With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, Sir, what letters had you late
from France?

Reg. Be simple answerer, for we know the
truth.

Corn. And what confed'racy have you with
the traitors

Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands
Have you sent the lunatick King? speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning —

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the King?

Glo. To Dover.

H 4

Reg.

*) quicken heißt hier lebendig machen.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Wast thou not charg'd at peril —

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? let him first answer that.

Glo. I am ty'd to th' stake, and must stand the course *)

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Hel. Because I would not see thy cruel nails Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister In his anointed flesh stick boarish phangs. The sea, with such a storm as his bare head In hell — black night indur'd, would have buoy'd up,

And quench'd the stelled **) fires;

Yet poor old heart, he help'd the heav'ns to rain, If wolves hat at thy gate howl'd that stern time, Thou shouldst have said, "go, porter, turn the key";

All ~~canals~~ else subscrib'd; but I shall see

The winged vengeance overtake such children

Corn. See't shalt thou never. Fellows, hold the chair.

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

Glo.

*) I am ty'd to — Hourse, ist ein Gleichniß von einem angebundenen Wä, der den Anfall der Hunde aushalten muß.

**) Stelled, gestirmt,

*(Gloster is held down; while Cornwall tread's out
one of his eyes.)*

Glo. He, that will think to live 'till he be old,
Give me some help. — O cruel! O you gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; th' other
too.

Corn. If you see vengeance —

Serv. Hold your hand, my Lord;
I've serv'd you, ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

Corn. My villain!

Serv. Nay then come on, and take the chan-
ce of anger.

*(Fight; in the Scuffle Cornwall is
wounded.)*

Reg. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up
thus?

(Kill him.)

Serv. Oh, I am slain — my Lord, you have
one eye left.

To see some mischief on him. Oh — *(Dies.)*

H 5 Corn.

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it: out, vile
le gelly:

Where is thy lustre now? (*Treads the other out.*)

Glo. All dark and comfortless — where's my
son Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature
To quit *) this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain.

Thou call'st on him, that hates thee: It was he,
That made the overture of thy treasons to us:
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies!

Then Edgar was abus'd. Kind gods, forgive
She that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go thrust him out

At gates, and let him smell his way to Dover.

Exit with Gloucester.
How is't, my Lord, how look you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt; follow me,
lady. —

Turn out that eyeless villain; throw this slave
Upon the dunghill. — Regan, I bleed apace.

Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.

(*Exit Cornwall led by Regan.*)

I. B.

*) *Wie heißt der edle*

~~1. d. Serv.~~ I'll never care what wicked nefs
I do,

If this man come to good.

2. d. Serv. If she live long,
And, in the end, meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

1. ft. Serv. Let's follow the old Earl, and
get the bedlam
To lead him where he would; his roguish mad-
ness.

Allows itself to any thing,

2. d. Serv. Go thou; I'll fetch some flax and
whites of eggs
To apply to's bleeding face. Now, heaven help
him!

(*Exeunt Separately.*)

Act IV.

Act IV.

SCENE, an open Country.

Enter Edgar.

YET better thus, and known to be condemn'd,
Than Still condemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst;
The lowest, most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance; lives not in fear.
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. *) Welcome then,
Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!
The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst
Owes nothing to thy blasts.

Enter Glo'ster, led by an old man.

But who comes here?
My father poorly led? World, world, O world!
But

*) The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter, die Glücklichen
sind der eldglücklichen Veränderung unterworfen, und
die Unglücklichen gehn zum Lachen über.

But that thy strange mutations make it wait *)
 thee,
 Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good Lord, I have been
 your tenant,
 And your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away: good friend, be
 gone;

Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
 Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. You cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no
 eyes:

I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen,
 Our mean **) secures us; and our mere defects
 Prove our commodities. — O dear son Edgar,
 The food of thy abused father's wrath;
 Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
 I'd say, I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now? who's there?

Edg. O Gods! who is't can say, I'm at the
 worst?

I'm worse, than e'er I was.

Old

*) mein anders leben bass.

**) mein heist hier schlechte, elende Umstände.

Old Man. His poor mad Tom.

Edg. And worse I may be yet: the worst is
not,

So long as we can say, this is the worst.

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar — man?

Old Man. Madman, and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not
beg.

I'th' last night's storm I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man, a worm. My son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him. I've heard
more since.

As flies to wanton boys, are we to th' Gods;
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. How should this be?

Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow,
Ang'ring itself and others. — Bless thee, master.

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my Lord.

Glo. Get thee away: if, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us hence a mile or twain
I'th' way tow'rd Dover, do it for ancient love;
And

127

And bring some covering for this naked Soul,
Whom I'll intreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, Sir, he is mad.

Glo. 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen
lead the blind:
Do as I bid, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best parcel that
I have.
Come on't, what will. (Exit.)

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a — cold; — I cannot daub
it further.

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. And yet I must;
Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse — way and
foot — path: poor Tom hath been fear'd out
of his good wits. Bless thee, good man, from
the foul fiend. Five fiends have been in poor
Tom at once; of lust, as Obidicut, Hobbididen,
Prince of dumbness; Mofnu, of stealing; Mohu,
of murder; and Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and
mowing: who since possesses chamber — maids
and waitingwomen.

Glo.

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the
 heavens' plagues
 Have humbled to all strokes. That I am wretched,
 Makes thee the happier: heavens deal so still!
 Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,
 That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
 Because he does not feel, feel your power quick-

~~So distribution should not be excess~~
 And each man have enough. Do'st thou know
 (Edg.) ~~How to do it?~~

Edg. Ay, master,

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending
 head

Looks fearfully on the confined deep:
 Bring me but to the very brim of it,
 And I'll repair the misery thou do'st bear, I
 With something rich about me: from that place
 I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm;
 Poor Tom shall lead thee.

(Exit.)

SCB

SCENE, the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter GONERILL, and Edmund.

Gon. Welcome, my Lord. I marvel, our ~~and~~
husband

Not met us on the way.

Enter Steward.

Now, where's your master?

Stew. Madam, within; but never man

I told him of the army that was landed;

He smil'd at it. I told him, you were coming;

His answer was, the worse. Of Gloucester's trea-

And of the loyal service of his son,

When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot;

And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out,

What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to

What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further.

It is the coward terror of his spirit,

That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrong;

Which

You are not worth the dust, which the rude wind
Blows in your face. — I fear your disposition;
That nature, which contemns its origine,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She *) that herself will fliver, and dis — branch,
From her maternal sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use,

Gon. No more; 'tis foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile, seem
vile;

Eliths favour but themselves — What have you
done?

Tygers, not daughters, what have you per-
form'd?

A father, and a gracious aged man,
Most barb'rous, most degenerate, have you mad-
ded.

Could my good brother suffer you to do this?

A man, a Prince by him so benefited?

If that the heav'ns do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame the vile offences

I 2

Ha.

*) *Sie* — — — *deadly* ist unter dem *Wort* mit
das Wort *Wort* verstanden. Das *deadly* ist bezie-
het sich auf den Gebrauch den die Hexen und Zauberer
von verhorrenen Zweigen machten.

Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk — liver'd man!
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for
demand wrongs;

Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour, from thy suffering: that not
know'st,

Fools do these villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy
Drum?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
With plumed helm thy slayer begins his threats,
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and cry'st
A Alack! why does he so? —

Alb. See thyself, devil:
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid, as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou chang'd, and self — converted
thing! For shame,
Be — monster not thy feature. Were't my fit
ness

To let these hands obey my (boiling) blood,
They're apt enough to dislocate and rear
Thy

Thy flesh and bones. — Howe'er thou art a
fiend,

A woman's shape doth shield thee. —

Gon. Marry, your manhood now! —

Enter Messenger.

Me f. O my good Lord, the Duke of Corn-
wall's dead;

Slain by his servant, going to put out

The other eye of Glo'ster.

Alb. Glo'ster's eyes!

Me f. A servant, that he bred, thrill'd with
remorse,

Oppos'd against the act; bending his sword

To his great master: who, thereat enrag'd,

Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead:

But not without that harmful stroke, which since

Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shews you are above

You justices, that these our nether crimes

So speedily can venge. But O poor Glo'ster!

Lost he his other eye?

Me f. Both, both, my Lord.

This letter, Madam, craves a speedy answer;

'Tis from your sister.

Gon. One way, I like this well;

But being widow, and my Glo'ster with her,

102

18

May

May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life. Another way,
The news is not so tart. I'll read, and answer.

(Exit.)

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take
his eyes?

Mef. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He's not here?

Mef. No, my good Lord, I met him back
again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mef. Ay, my good Lord, 'twas he inform'd
against him,

And quit the house of purpose, that their punish-
ment

Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live

To thank thee for the love thou shew'dst the
King,

And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend,
Tell me, what more thou know'st. (Exeunt.)

SCE-

SCENE, SOVER.

Enter KENT, and a GENTLEMAN.

Kent. THE King of France so suddenly part
Know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state,
Which since his coming forth is thought of, which
Imports the kingdom to much fear and danger,
That his return was most requir'd and necessary.

Kent. Whom hath he left behind him Gene-
ral?

Gent. The Marechal of France, Monsieur
la Far.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the Queen's
any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, Sir, she took 'em, read 'em in my
presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a Queen
Over her passion, which, most rebel-like,
Sought to be King o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

14

Gent.

Gent. But, not to rage. Patience and sorrow
strove

Which should express her goodliest; you have
seen

Sun — shine and rain at once: — her smiles and
tears

Like a swollen May. Those happiest smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted
thence,

As pearls from diamonds dropt. — In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity most belov'd,
If all could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gent. Yes, once, or twice, she hear'd the
name of Father
Pantingly forth, as if it prest her heart.

Gry. Sisters! sisters! — Shame of ladies! sisters!
Sisters! Fathers! sisters! what? i'th' storm? i'th'

you might have seen her, might you not?

Let pity never believe it! — there she shook

The holy water from her heavenly eyes;

And clamour — motion'd, then away she started

To deal with grief alone.

Kent. — It is the stars, which govern our conditions.

323

41

Elc

~~One~~ ~~one~~ ~~ten~~ ~~mate~~ ~~and~~ ~~mate~~ could not beget
Such different blues? Spoke you with her since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the King return'd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, Sir; the poor distressed Lear's
in town;

Who sometimes, in his better time, remembers
What we are come about; and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good Sir?

Kent. A sov' reign shame so bows him; his
unkindness,

That stript her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters; these things
sting him

So venomously, that burning shame detains him
From his Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's, and Cornwall's pow'rs
you heard not?

Gent. 'Tis so, they are a — foot.

Kent. Well, Sir; I'll bring you to our master
Lear;

And

15

And

And leave you to attend him. Some dear one
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. Pray, along with

(Exeunt)

SCENE II. A CAMP.

Enter CORDELIA, FRENCHMAN, and SOLDIERS.

COR. A Lack, 'tis he; why, he was mat ev'n

As mad as the next sea; singing aloud;

Crown'd with rank fumitory, and furrow
weeds,

With hardocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo
flowers,

Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn. Send forth a cent'ry;
Search every acre in the high — grown field,
And bring him to our eye. What can man's Wis-

dom
In the restoring his bereaved sense.
He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phys.

Phyſ. There are means, Madam;
Our ſofter nurſe of nature is reſoſe;
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many ſimples operative, whoſe power
Will cloſe the eye of anguiſh.

Cor. All bleſt ſecrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears; be aidant, and remediate
In the good man's diſtreſs! ſeek, ſeek for him;
Leſt his ungovern'd rage diſſolve the life,
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. News, Madam:

The Britiſh Pow'r's are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before. Our preparation
ſtands!

In expectation of them. O dear father,
It is thy buſineſs that I go about; therefore great
France.

My mourning and important tears hath pitied,
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ay'd father's right:
Soon may I hear, and ſee him! *(Exit.)*

SCENE, Regan's PALACE.

Enter REGAN and STEWARD.

Reg. BUT, and my Brother's powers set forth

Stew. Ay, Madam.

Reg. Himself in person there?

Stew. With much ado.

Your sister is the better foldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lady

at home?

Stew. No, Madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to

him?

Stew. I know not, Lady.

Reg. Faith, he is posted hence on serious

matter.

It was great ignorance, *) Glosier's eyes being

out,

To let him live: where he arrives, he moves.

All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,

In pity of his misery, to dispatch

His

*) It was great ignorance, es war sehr unbesonnen.

His nighted life: ~~unproven~~ to defeat
The strength o' th' enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, Madam, with
my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to — morrow;
— ~~with us~~ —

The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, Madam;
My lady charged my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund?
— might not you —

Transport her purposes by word? belike,
Something — I know not what — I'll love thee
— much —

Let me unseal the letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather —

Reg. I know, your lady does not love her
— husband;
I'm sure of that; and, at her late being here,
She gave strange ocellids, and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund. I know, you're of her bosom.

Stew. I, Madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding; you are; I
— know —

Therefore, I do advise you, take this note.
My Lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd.
— And

And more convenient is he for my hand,
 Than for your lady's: you may gather more
 If you desire him, pray you give him this:
 And when your Mistress hears thus much from
 you,

I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her. So fa-
 rewel.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
 Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. Would I could meet him, Madam, I
 should shew

What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well.

SCENE, the Country, near Dover.

Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR as a PEASANT.

Glo. When shall I come to th' top of that se-
 me hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now. Look, how
 we labour.

Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep.

Hark, do you hear the fall?

Glo.

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why then your other senses grow im-
perfect

By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed.

Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

Edg. You're much deceiv'd: in nothing am I
chang'd,

But in my garments.

Glo. Sure, you're better spoken.

Edg. Come on, Sir, here's the place — stand
still. How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!

The crows and choughs, that wing the mid-way

Shew scarce (as gross as beetles) half way down

Hangs one, that gathers Samphires, dreadful

trade!

Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head.

The fisher — men, that walk upon the beach

Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark

Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy

Almost too small for sight. The marmuring surge;

That

~~—~~

~~—~~

~~—~~

~~—~~

That on th' unnumbered idle pebbles, ~~dispar~~
 Cannot be heard so high, I'll look no more;
 I felt my brain turn, and the deficient sight,
 Topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me, where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand: you're now within
 A foot
 Of th' extream verge: for all below the moon
 Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand:
 Here, friend, 's another purse, in it a lewful
 Well worth a poor man's taking. Fairies, and
 Gods,
 Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off,
 Bid me farewell; and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir. (*Seems to go*)

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why do I trifle thus with his despair?
 'Tis done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty Gods!
 This world I do renounce; and in your sight
 Shake patiently my great affliction off;
 If I could bear it longer, and not fall

To quarrel with your great opposetive Wills, —
 My snuff and loathed part of nature should
 Burn

~~Barricade~~ **Barricade**, out. If Edgar live, O bless him.
Now, fellow, fare thee well. (*He leaps, and falls*

along.)
Edg. Good Sir, farewell.
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft. Had he been where he
thought,

By this, had thought been past — Alive or dead?
Hoe, you, hear you, friend! Sir! Sir! speak!
Thus might he pass, indeed — yet he revives.
What are you, Sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Had'st thou been aught but **God's** messenger,
feathers, air,

So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost
breathe,

Hast heavy substance, bleed'st not; speak, art
sound?

Ten masts at each make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularly fall'n.
Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fall'n, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky
bourn!

K

Look

Look up a — height, the thrill — gorg'd Lark
so-fat

Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm.
Up, so, — how is't? feel you your legs? you
stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' th' cliff, what thing was that,
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here, below, methought his
eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns welk'd, and wav'd like the enridg'd sea;
It was some fiend. Therefore, thou happy father,
Think, that the clearest gods, who make them
honours

Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember how: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself,

Enough,

Enough, enough, and die. That thing you speak

Looked it for a man; often would say.

The fiend, the fiend — he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.

Enter Lear, dressed madly with flowers.

But who comes here?

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate

His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining;
I am the King himself.

Edg. O thou hide — piecing fight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.
There's your press — money. That fellow hanches
his bow like a crow — keeper: draw me
a clothier's yard. Look, look, a mouse! Peace,
peace; — this piece of roasted cheese will do't —
there's my gauntlet, I'll prove it on a giant. Bring
up the brown bills. O, well flown, Barb! 'th'
clout, i'th' clout: hewgh. — Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know, that voice.

Lear. Ha! Gonerill! hah! Regan! they Bab-
ber'd me like a dog, and told me, I had white
hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there.

K a

re. To say ay, and no, to every thing that is said — Ay, and no, too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my biddings; there I found em, there I smelt em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words; they told me I was every thing: 'tis a lye, I am not agueproof.

Glo. The trick of that voice *) I do well remember:
Is't not the King?

Lear. Ay, every inch a King.
When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life. What was the cause?
Adultery thou shalt not die: die for adultery?
no, the wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
does letcher **) in my sight. Let copulation
thrive: for Glo'ster's bastard son was kinder to
his father, than my daughter's got 'tween the
lawful sheets. To't, luxury, pell — mell; for
I lack soldiers. Behold yond simpering Dame,
whose face 'tween her forks *** presages snow:
that minces virtue, and does shake the head to

hear
*) The trick of her voice, der Ton ihrer Stimme
) letcher: lullen.
) forks, die Gabeln der Gabel.

hear of pleasure's name. The fitchew, nor the
soiled harfe, goes to't with a more riotous appe-
tite: down from the waiste they are centaurs,
though women all above: but to the girdle do
the gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends. There's
hell, there's darkness, there is the sulphu-
rous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consump-
tion: fy, fy, fy; pah, pah; give me an ounce
of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my ima-
gination! there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it first, it smells of mor-
tality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! this great
world

Shall so wear out to nought. Do'st thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough,
do'st thou squint at me? no, do thy worst, blind
Cupid; I'll not love. Read thou this challenge,
mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters fumes, I could not
see one.

Edg. I would not take it from report; it is
and my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with this case of eyes?

Lear.

Lear. Oh, ho, are you there with me? no eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light; yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? a man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see, how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark in thine ear: change places, and handy — dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar.

Glo. Ay, Sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? there thou might'st behold the great image of authority; a dog's obey'd in office. —

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!

Why dost thou lash that whore? strip thy own back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind,

For which thou whip'st her. The blinder hangs the cozeners

Through tatter'd cloaths small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with

gold.

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:

Arm'd in rage, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

1893

21

None

None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able *)

em;

Take that of me, my friend, who have the pow'r
To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes,
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.

Now, now, now, now. Rull of my boots: har-
der, harder, so.

Edg. O matter and impertinency mixt **)
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take
my eyes,

I know thee well enough, thy name is Gloucester;
They must be patient; we came crying hither;
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the

We wawle and cry. I will preach to thee; mark —

O ho. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we
To this great stage of fools. This a good
block! ***) —

*) able to bear the responsibility

**) matter and impertinency both the foolish and
unreasonable

***) block the best of the best

It were a delicate stratagem to hide
A troop of horse with felt; I'll put't in proof;
And when I've stol'n upon these sons of law,

Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter Gentlemen with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is, lay hand upon him;

Sir,
Your most dear daughter —

Is she not yet a prisoner? I am
even

The natural fool of fortune. Use me well, I
; You shall have ransom. Let me have my sword,
or I'll cut out my brains, and so I would not.

Gent. You shall have any thing.
— Learn. No seconds? all my life?

Why, this would make a man; a man of salt;
You'll die his eyes for garden — water — and pots,

And laying Caesar's dust. I will die bravely,
before a strong bridge, and so I will be to
— (***! bold vial:

Come, come, hail a King. My Masters, know
— you that —

Gent. You are a gentleman, and we obey you.
— (***! bold vial: You

You shall get it by running, *for, for, for*

(Exit.)

Gent. A fight most pitiful in the meanest

Wretch,
Past speaking of in a King. Thou hast one daughter,

Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her, *for, for, for*

Edg. Hail, gentle Sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: what's your will?

Edg. But you hear aught? Sir, of a battle to-
ward?

Gent. Most (sure, and vulgar) every one
hears that.

Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But by your favour,
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot: 'the *'
! *for, for, for*

for, for, for

Edg. I thank you, Sir: That's all.

Gent. Though that the Queen on special call
is here,

Her army is mov'd on. *(Exit.)*

for, for, for

for, for, for

*) the main defery stands on the hourly thoughts,
the Hauptarmee wird stündlich bewegt

Edg. I thank you, Sir.

Glo. You ever gentle Gods, take my breath
from me;

Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father,

Glo. Now, good Sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor wretch, made lame with spirits,
By the late Duke's blows;

Who by the art of known and feeling spirits,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some healing.

Glo. Heartly thanks;

The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter Seward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first from a flesh.
To raise my fortunes. Old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember: the sword is out,
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to't.

Stew.

Edg. I thank you, Sir.

Stew. Wherefore bold peasant
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? hence,
Lest that th' infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill *) not let go; Zir, without
ther 'casion

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou dy'st.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and
let poor volk pass: and 'chud ha' been zwagger'd
out of my life, 'twould not ha' been so long as
'tis by a vornight. Nay, come not near the old
man: keep out, che vorge, or icc try whether
your costard or my bat be the harder; chill be
plain with you.

Stew. Out dunghill!

Edg. Chill pick your teeth. Zir: come, no
matter vor your foyns.

(Edgar knocks him down.)

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me: villain, take
my purse; I
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund Earl of Gloucester: seek him out
Upon

Chill — — — 'casion, werde nicht loslassen,
Sey, es müss er noch ganz anders kommen.

Upon the English party: Oh, untimely death! —

Edg. I know thee well, a servicable villain

As duteous to the vices of the Mistress, as I

Am to the virtues of the Master.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.

Let's see these pockets; the letters, that he spe-

aks of,

May be my friends: he's dead; I'm only sorry.

He had no other death's — man. Let us see —

By your leave, gentle wax — and manners bla-

me us not;

To know our enemies' minds, we rip their he-

arts;

Their papers are more lawful.

Edg. Reads the Letter.

Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You

have many opportunities to cut him off: if your

Will want not, time and place will be fruitfully

offer'd. There is nothing done, if he return the

murderer. Then am I the prisoner, and his bed

my goal; from the hatched warmth wereof deli-

ver me, and supply the place for your labour.

Edg. Your

your

your

your

My wife, so I would say I am a
Servant,

Gonerill.

Oh, undistinguish'd space of woman's will!
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life,
And the exchange my brother. Here, i'th' sands
Thee I'll take up, the post unmanicured
Of murd'rous lechers: *) and in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the light
Of the death practis'd **) Duke: for him 'tis well
That of thy death and business I can tell.

Glo. The King is mad; how stiff is my vile
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! better I were distract,
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs.

And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Edg. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.

Exeunt.

*) lesser soldier.

**) death practis'd

SC.

SCENE changes to a Chamber.

Enter CORDELIA, KENT, and PHYSICIAN.

Cor. O, Thou good Kent, how shall I live and
work
To match thy goodness? life will be too short,
And ev'ry measure fail me.

Kent. To beacknowledg'd Madam, is what
All my reports go with the modest truth,
Nor more, nor less, but so.

Cor. Be better fated;
These weeds are memories of those worse hours;
I prythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon, dear Madam,
Yet to be known, shortens my made intent
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so,
My Lord — — How does the King?

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind Gods!
Cure this great breach in his abused nature;

Th' unlik'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child — changed father. *)

Phyl. Please your Majesty,
That we may wake the king, he hath slept long?

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and
proceed

Th' sway of your own will; is he array'd?

Enter Lear in a chair, carried by Servants.

Phyl. Ay, Madam, in the heaviness of sleep
We put fresh garments on him. Be by good Madam, when we do awake him;
Doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dearest Princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds?

What would you have more? To

*) child — changed father, Kind Vaters, ein in ein
Kind verwandelter Vater, oder ein Vater, der durch
seine Töchter so sehr so-wenigstens sehr getrennt ist.

*) flake pier so viel als hairs.

Lear. You are a spirit, I know; when did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide —

Phyl. He's scarce awake, let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? where am I? fair day — light?

I'm mightily abus'd; I should even die with pity,
To see another thus. I know not what to say;
I will not swear, these are my hands: let's see;
I feel this pin prick: would I were assur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O look upon me, Sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o'er me,
No, Sir; you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me;
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;

Yet I am doubtful: For I'm mainly ignorant,
What place this is; and all the skill I have,
Remembers not these garments; nay, I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,
For, as I am a man, I think, this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Lear **Cor**

Cor. And so I am; I am, as you are.

Lear. Be your tears wet? yes, 'faith; I pray
you, weep not.

If you have poison for me, I will drink it; I
know, you do not love me; for your sisters
have, as I do remember, done me wrong.

You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, Sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good Madam; the great
rage,

You see, is cur'd in him: — and, yet, 'twere
danger

To make him even o'er the time, h'as lost.
Desire him to go in, trouble him no more,
'Till further settling.

Cor. Wilt please your Highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me
Pray you now; forget and forgive;
I am old and foolish.

(Exit Lear, Cord. Phys. and Attendants.)

Music

To make him even o'er the time h'as lost, that
mit der für ihn verlorenen Zeit auszusöhnen.

Manent Kent and Gentleman.

Gent. Holds it true, Sir, that the Duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, Sir.

Gent. Who's conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said, the bastard son of Glo'ster.

Gent. They say, Edgar, his brother, is with the Earl of Kent in Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable; 'tis time to look about:

The powers of the kingdom approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement *) is like to be bloody. —

Fare you well, Sir.

(Exit Gentl.)

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly wrought.

Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought.

(Exit Kent.)

*) arbitrement heißt hier Entscheidung.

to adjust and that the same shall be done in accordance with the provisions of the Act V.

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 100. **SAFETY CAMP**

K NOW of the Duke, if his last purpose hold:
Or whether, since he is advis'd by aught,
To change the course? he's full of alteration,
And self — reproving: bring his constant plea-
sure.

Re g. Our sister's man is cretainly miscarry'd.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, Madam.

Reg. Now, sweet Lord,
You know the goodness I inten'd upon you;
Tell me but truly, but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way

To the fore — fended place?

Ed m.

Edm. No ~~thy~~ mine honour, Madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her; dear my Lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear not; she, and the Duke her hus-

band —

Enter Albany, Gonerill, and Soldiers.

Gon. I'd rather lose the battle, than that sister
Should loosen him and me. — (*Aside.*)

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met: I
Sir, this I hear, the King is come to his daughter,

With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: 'fore this business,
It toucheth us, as France invades our land,
(Not holds the King, with others, whom I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose) —

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy:
For these domestick and particular broils
Are not the question here.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Alb. Let's then determine with th' Antient
of war

On our proceeding.

Ed

Reg

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient, pray you, go with us.

Gon. Oh, ho, I know the riddle, I will go,
As they are going out, Enter Edgar disguis'd.

Edg. If e'er your Grace had speech with man
so poor,

Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you: — speak.

(Exeunt Edm., Reg. Gon. and Attendants.)

Edg. Before you fight the battle, open this
letter.

If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it; wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay 'till I've read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.

When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. *(Exit.)*

Alb. Why, fare thee well, I will o'erlook
thy paper.

Re-

Re-enter Edmund.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.

Hard is the guess of their true strength and forces,
By diligent discovery; but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet *) the time

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my
love:†

Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: so take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Gonerill;
And hardly shall I carry **) out my side,
Her husband being alive: Now then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being
done,

Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon: for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. (*Exit.*)

*) greets the time, die Zeit geistes brauchen.

**) carry out my side, meinen Endzweck erreichen.

SCENE, another open Field.

Alarm within. Enter with drum and colours,
Lear,
Cordelia, and Soldiers over the stage,
and exeunt.

Enter EDGAR and GLO'STER.

Edg. HERE, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray, that the right may
thrive:

If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace be with you, Sir! (*Exit Edgar.*)
(*Alarm, and retreat, within.*)

Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Away, old man; give me thy hand;
away;

King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en,
Give me thy hand. Come on.

Glo. No further, Sir; a man may rot ev'n
here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? men must
endure

Their

349
Their going hence, even as their coming hither,
Ripeness is all; come on.

Glo. And that's true too.

(Enter.)

Enter in Conquest, *) with Drum and Colours,

Edmund;

Lear and Cordelia, as prisoners; Soldiers,

Captain.

Edm. Some officers take them away; good

guard

Until their greater pleasures first be known,

That are to confuse them.

Cor. We're not the first,

Who with best meaning have incurr'd the worst;

For thee, oppressed King, am I cast down;

Myself could else out,— frown false fortune's

frown.

Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no; come, let's away to

prison;

We two alone will sing, like birds i' th' cage:—

When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,

And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,

And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh

At gilded butterflies; and hear poor rogues

L 8 — — — Talk

*) Enter in Conquest, taken in Colours etc.

Talk of court — news, and we'll talk with them
too,

Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take upon's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies. And we'll wearout *)
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones
That ebb and flow by th' moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The Gods themselves throw incense. Have I
caught thee?

He that parts us, shall bring a brand from heav'n,
And fire us hence, like foxes; whipe thine eye,
The good — jers **) shall devour them, flesh
and fell,

Ere they shall make us weep; we'll see them
starv'd first,

Come.

(*Exeunt Lear and Cordelia guarded.*)

Edm. Come hither, Captain, hark.
Take thou this note; go, follow them to prison,
One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes: know thou this, that men
Are

*) wear our best hier überleben.

**) The good — jers, der Guck.

Are to the state; and to be read: — Is minded? —
Does not become a sword; my great employment
Will not bear question; either say, thou'lt do it;
Or thrive by other means.

Capt. I'll do't, my Lord.

Edm. About it, and write happy, when
thou'lt done.

Mark, I say, instantly; and carry it so,
As I have set it down.

(Exit Captain.)

Flourish. Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan and
Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you have shew'd to — day your va-
liant strain,

And fortune led you well; you have the captives,
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you, so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable King
To some retention, and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosoms on his side;
And turn our impress lances in our eyes;
Which do command them. With him I sent the
Queen;

My

My reason all the same; and they are ready
 To — morrow, or a further space, to appear
 Where you shall hold your session. At this time
 We sweat and bleed; the friend hath lost his
 friend;

And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curst
 By those that feel their sharpness. —

The Question *) of Cordelia, and her father,
 Requires a fitter place:

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
 I hold you but a subject of this war,
 Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him,
 Methinks, our pleasure might have been demand-
 ded,

Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
 Bore the commission of my place and person;
 The which immediacy may well stand up,
 And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
 In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
 More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my right,
 By me invested, he compeers the best. **)

Alb.

*) Question heißt hier Verhör.

**) he compeers the best, kann er sich mit den Besten messen.

Alb. That were the most, if he should say.
band you.

Reg. letters do oft prove prophets.
Gon. Holla, Holla!

That eye, that told you so, look'd but a — squint,
Reg. Lady, I am not well, else I should answer

From a full — flowing stomach. General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony,
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are mine!
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My Lord and Master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The less alone lies not in your good will.

Edm. Nor to thine, Lord.

Alb. Half — blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason; Edmund, I arrest thee

On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent: for your claim, fair sister,

*The less alone lies not in your good will,
Macht nicht allein von deinem Willen ab.*

I bear it in the interest of my wife;
 'Tis she is sub— contracted to this Lord,
 And I, her husband, contradict your banes.
 If you will marry, make your loves to me,
 My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An enterlude! —

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloucester; let the drum—

pet sound:
 If none appear to prove upon thy person
 Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
 There is my pledge: I'll prove it on thy heart.
 Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
 Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O sick —

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust poison. (*Aside.*)

Edm. There's my exchange: what, in the
 world he is,
 That names me traitor, villain — like he lies;
 Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
 On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
 My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Enter a Herald.
 Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
 All levied in my name, have in my name
 Took their discharge.

Reg.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well, convey her to my tent.

(Exit Regan led.)

Come hither, herald, let the trumpet sound,

And read out this. *(A trumpet sounds.)*

Herald reads.

If any man of Quality, or degree, within the lists, of the army, will maintain upon Edmund supposed Earl of Glo'ster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third found of the trumpet: he is bold in his defence. *1. trumpet.*

Her. Again.

2. trumpet.

Her. Again.

3. trumpet.

(Trumpet answers, within.)

Enter Edgar, armed.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o'th' trumpet.

Her. What are you?

**Your name, your quality, and why you answer
This present summons?**

Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare — gnawn, and canker —
bit;

**Yet am I noble, as the adversary
I come to cope.**

Alb.

Alb. Which do thou advertise?

Edg. What's he, that speaks for Edmund Earl
of Gloster?

Edm. Himself; what say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword,

That if my speech offend a noble heart,

Thy arm may do thee justice; here is mine: —

Behold, 'tis the privilege of mine honour,

My oath, and my profession. I protest,

Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and line,
I come to contest with thee hence,

Spine of thy victor — sword, and fire — new

fortune, to H

Thy valour, and thy heart, thou art a traitor;

False to thy Gods, thy brother, and thy father;

Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious Prince,

And from th' extreamest upward of thy head;

To the descent and dust below thy foot,

A most toad — spotted traitor. Say thou, no;

This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are

To prove upon thy heart, where to I speak,

Thou liest.

Edm. My wisdom I should ask thy name;

But since thy cut — side looks fair and warlike,

And that thy tongue some say, of breeding bris-

What

What

What

What

What

What

End

四

Alb. Go after her, she's desperate, govern her.

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that
I have done,

And more, much more; the time will bring it
out.

'Tis past, and so am I: but what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity:

I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou'lt wrong'd me.

My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.

The Gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us;
The dark and vicious place, where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou'lt spoken right, 'tis true,
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness: I must embrace thee.
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father!

Edg. Worthy Prince, I know't.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your fa-
ther?

Alb.

Edm.

Edg.

Edg. By nursing them, my Lord. List a brief
tale

And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would
burst! —

The bloody proclamation to escape
That follow'd me so near, (O our lives 'sweetest
nest!

That we the pain of death would hourly bear,
Rather than die at once) taught me to shift
Into a mad — man's rage; t' assume a semblance,
The very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious gems new lost; became his guide
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;
Never (O fault!), reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart,
Alack, too weak the conflict to support
Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good; but speak you
on,

You look, as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in.
M^a For

For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. — This would have seem'd a period,
To such as love not sorrow: but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity! —

Whilst I was big in clamour, *) came there a man,
Who having seen me in my worst state,
Shun'd my abhorr'd society; but now finding
Who 'twas, had so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck; and bellow'd out,
As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd; which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack. — Twice then the trumpets so-
unded,

And there I left him tranc'd. —

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, Sir; the banish'd Kent, who in
disguise
Follow'd his enemy King, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

*) I was big in clamour, the last web-stage.

Enter a Gentleman

Gent. Help, Help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means this bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes; it came over from
the heart.

Of — O! she's dead. —

Alb. Who's dead? speak, man.

Gent. Your lady, Sir, your lady; and the

By her is poison'd: she confesses it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both; all

Now marry in an instant.

Edg. Here comes Kent.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or
dead.

(Gonerill and Regan's Bodies brought out.)

This judgment of the heav'ns, that makes us
tremble

Touches us not with pity. — O! is this he?

The time will not allow the compliment,

Which very manners urge.

M 3

Kent.

Kent. I am come
To bid my King and master eve good — night;
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!
Speak, Edmund, where's the King? and where's Cordelia?
See'st thou this object, Kent?

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew himself.

Alb. Even so; cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life; some good I mean to
do,
Despight of mine own nature. Quickly send,
(Be brief) into the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia:
Nay, sent in time.

Alb. Run, run, O run —

Edg. To whom, my Lord? who has the office?
Send.

Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on, take my sword,
Give it the captain —

Edg. Haste thee for thy life. *(Exit Messenger.)*

Edm.

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and

To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair.

Alb. The Gods defend her! bear him hence
a while,

(Edmund is borne off.)

Enter Lear, with Cordelia dead in his arms.

Lear, Howl, howl, howl, howl, — O you
are men of stone;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so,
That heaven's vault should crack: she's gone
for ever!

I know, when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth! lend me a looking — glass,
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why then the lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Lear. This feather stirs, *) she lives; if it
be so,

It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master! *(Kneeling.)*

M 4 Lear.

*) This feather stirs, er hat ihn nämlich eine Feder
von den Mund oder vor die Nase gehalten.

Lear. Prythee, away. —

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderous traitors all!

I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!

Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha! —

What is't thou say'st? her voice was ever soft,

Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.

I kill'd the slave, that was a hanging thee.

Gent. 'Tis true, my Lords he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?

I've seen the day, with my good biting fault-chion

I would have made them skip: I am old now,

And these same crosses spoil me. Who are you?

Mine eyes are none o'th' best, — I'll tell you
straight.

Kent. If fortune bray of two she lov'd and
hated

One of them we behold.

Lear. Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same; your servant Kent;
Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. 'Twas a good fellow, I can tell you
that

He'd

He'd strike, and quickly too: — he's dead and rotten.

Kent: No, my good Lord, I am the very man, —

Lear. I'll see that fruit.

Kent. That, from your first of difference
and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps. —

Lear. You're welcome hither,

Kent. Nor no man else; — all's chertless,
dark, and dead:

Your eldest daughters have fore — done them-
selves, —
And desprately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says; and wain
is it,

That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Edmund is dead, my Lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle.

You Lords and noble friends, know our intent;
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be apply'd. For us, we will resign,

Du-

~~During the life of this old Majesty~~
 To him our absolute power: to you, your rights

(*To Edgar*)
 With boot, and such addition as your honours
 Have more than merited. All friends shall taste
 The wages of their virtue, and all foes
 The cup of their deservings: O see, see —

Learn. And my poor Fool is hang'd: no, no,
 no life.

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
 And thou no breath at all? thou'lt come no mo-
 re,

Never, never, never, never, never —
 Pray you, undo his button. Thank you, Sir;
 Do you see this? look on 'her, look on her lips
 Look there, look there —

(*He dies.*)

Edg. He faints; my lord, —

Kent. Break heart, I pray thee, break!

Edg. Look up, my Lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost! O, let him pass!

He hates him

That would upon the rack of this rough world
 Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so
 long;

He

He but usurpt his life.

Alb. Bar them from hence, our present business

Is general woe: friends of my soul, you twain
Rule in this realm, and the god's state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, Sir, shortly to go:
My master calls me; I must not stay, no.

(Dies.)

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must
obey,

Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most; we that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

(Exeunt with a dead March.)

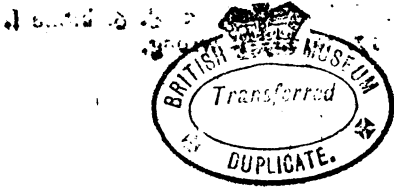
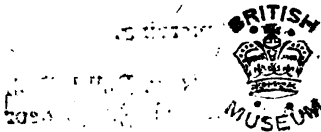
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Errata

- 9. 22. 3. all post, l. best.
- 27. 3. 72 against, turns a against.
- 28. 3. 12. cools l. cools.
- 30. 3. 17. displeasure l. displeasure.
- 37. 3. 12. about, than, throw on.
- 48. 3. 2. manhood l. manhood.
- 49. 3. 17. thee l. the.
- 50. 3. 19. want l. want.
- 54. 3. 12. gon l. you, and d.
- 57. 3. 2. was l. was, 3. 20. conceals, l. conceals.
- 58. 3. 12. speurs l. spurs.
- 59. 3. 12. Gadson, l. Godson.
- 60. 3. 1. expence and was l. expence and waste.
- 72. 3. 1. bofest l. basest.
- 75. 3. 4. gare l. gave.
- 76. 3. 11. the l. thee. 3. 12. te ach l. teach. 3. 16. yo l. go. 3. 18. gread l. great.
- 79. 3. 4. fe l. she.
- 97. 3. 14. and l. are.
- 100. 3. 1. tis l. this.
- 103. 3. 22. hear l. heart.
- 108. 3. 15. keeg l. peep.
- 112. 3. 5. roice l. voice.
- 116. 3. 14. wrongy l. wrong.
- 122. 3. 14. she l. Me.
- 124. 3. 9. taughter l. laughter.

- p. 138. 3. 9. mat l. met.
 — 140. 3. 3. Prother's, l. brother's.
 — 144. 3. 8. werge l. verge. 3. 11. anathet
 l. another.
 — 147. 3. 12. piercing. l. pieroing.
 — 150. 3. 6. mak l. man.
 — 151. 3. 4. eges l. eyes. 3. 7. Rull l. Pull.
 — 159. 3. 1. unuked l. untuned. 3. 13. deor
 l. dear.
 — 160. 3. 1. baltu, l. bolted. 3. 6. bitme l.
 bit me. 3. 17. wrongy l. wrong.
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